Sirfaja Rajah 1827

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

900

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Say, human Seraph! whence that charming force,
That flame, that soul, which animates each line,
And how it runs with such a graceful ease,
Loaded with pond'rous sense?——We are here told,
When life its narrow round of years hath roll'd,
What 't is employs the bless'd, what makes their bliss;
Songs such as WATTS's are, and love like his. GROVE.

Sov'reign of Sacred Verse! accept the lays
Of a young bard that dares attempt thy praise.——
No vulgar themes thy pious Muse engage,
No scenes of lust pollute thy sacred page:
You in majestick numbers mount the skies,
And meet descending angels as you rise,
Whose just applauses charm the crowded groves,
And Addison thy tuneful song approves.
Soft harmony and manly vigour join
To form the beauties of each sprightly line,
For ev'ry grace of ev'ry Muse is thine. BRITANNICUS.

VOL. II.

TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

EDINBURGH:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1782.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

VOL. II.

900

CONTAINING HIS

PSALMS OF DAVID,

Imitated in the Language of

THE NEW TESTAMENT,

And applied to

THE CHRISTIAN STATE AND WORSHIP,

WITH PREFACE, NOTES, INDEXES,

&c. &c. &c.

Luke xxiv. 44. *All things muſt be fulfilled which were written in—— the Pſalms concerning me.*

Heb. xi. 32.——*David, Samuel, and the Prophets, ver.* 40.——*That they without us ſhould not be made perfect.*

Hail, heav'n-born Muſe! that with celeſtial flame
And high ſeraphick numbers durſt attempt
To gain thy native ſkies.——With thought ſublime
And high ſonorous words thou ſweetly ſing'ſt
To thy immortal lyre. Amaz'd we view
The tow'ring height ſtupendous, while thou ſoar'ſt
Above the reach of vulgar eyes or thought,
Hymning th' Eternal Father. STANDEN.

Seraphick heights I ſeem to gain
And ſacred tranſports feel
While WATTS! to thy celeſtial ſtrain
Surpris'd I liſten ſtill.

The gliding ſtreams their courſe forbear
When I thy lays repeat,
The bending foreſt lends an ear,
The birds their notes forget. PHILOMELA.

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Anno 1782.

THE PSALMS OF DAVID,

Imitated in the Language of

THE NEW TESTAMENT.

PSALM LXVI. The firſt part.

Governing power and goodneſs, or, *Our grace tried by afflictions*.

SING all ye nations to the Lord,
Sing with a joyful noiſe,
With melody of ſound record
His honours and your joys.
2. Say to the Pow'r that ſhakes the ſky
" How terrible art thou!
" Sinners before thy preſence fly,
" Or at thy feet they bow."
[3. Come ſee the wonders of our God,
How glorious are his ways!
In Moſes' hand he puts his rod,
And cleaves the frighted ſeas.
4. He made the ebbing channel dry
While Iſrael paſs'd the flood;
There did the church begin their joy
And triumph in their God.]
5. He rules by his reſiſtleſs might;
Will rebel mortals dare
Provoke th' Eternal to the fight,
And tempt that dreadful war?

6. O bleſs our God, and never ceaſe!
Ye ſaints fulfil his praiſe,
He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
And guides our doubtful ways.

7. Lord thou haſt prov'd our ſuff'ring ſouls
To make our graces ſhine;
So ſilver bears the burning coals
The metal to refine.

8. Thro' wat'ry deeps and fiery ways
We march at thy command,
Led to poſſeſs the promis'd place,
By thine unerring hand.

PSALM LXVI. ver. 13,—20. Second part.

Praiſe to God for hearing prayer.

Now ſhall my ſolemn vows be paid
To that almighty Pow'r
That heard the long requeſts I made
In my diſtreſsful hour.

2. My lips and cheerful heart prepare
To make his mercies known;
Come ye that fear my God and hear
The wonders he has done.

3. When on my head huge ſorrows fell
I ſought his heav'nly aid;
He ſav'd my ſinking ſoul from hell
And death's eternal ſhade.

4. If ſin lay cover'd in my heart
While pray'r employ'd my tongue
The Lord had ſhewn me no regard,
Nor I his praiſes ſung.
5. But God (his name be ever bleſt!)
Has ſet my ſpirit free,
Nor turn'd from him my poor requeſt,
Nor turn'd his heart from me.

PSALM LXVII.

The nation's proſperity and the church's increaſe.

SHINE mighty God! on Britain ſhine
With beams of heav'nly grace,
Reveal thy pow'r thro' all our coaſts,
And ſhew thy ſmiling face.
[2. Amidſt our iſle exalted high
Do thou our glory ſtand,
And like a wall of guardian fire
Surround the fav'rite land.]
3. When ſhall thy name from ſhore to ſhore
Sound all the earth abroad,
And diſtant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?
4. Sing to the Lord ye diſtant lands,
Sing loud with ſolemn voice,
While Britiſh tongues exalt his praiſe
And Britiſh hearts rejoice.

5. He the great Lord, the ſov'reign Judge,
That ſits enthron'd above,
Wiſely commands the world he made
In juſtice and in love.

6. Earth ſhall obey her Maker's will
And yield a full increaſe;
Our God will crown his choſen iſle
With fruitfulneſs and peace.

7. God the Redeemer ſcatters round
His choiceſt favours here,
While the creation's utmoſt bound
Shall ſee, adore, and fear *.

PSALM LXVIII. Firſt part. Ver. 1,—6. 32,—35.

The vengeance and compaſſion of God.

LET God ariſe in all his might
And put the troops of hell to flight,
As ſmoke that ſought to cloud the ſkies
Before the riſing tempeſt flies.

[2. He comes array'd in burning flames,
Juſtice and Vengeance are his names;
Behold his fainting foes expire
Like melting wax before the fire.]

* Having tranſlated the ſcene of this Pſalm to Great Britain, I have borrowed a devout and poetical wiſh for the happineſs of my native land from *Zech.* ii. 5. and offered it up in the ſecond ſtanza, *I will be a wall of fire round about, and will be the glory in the midſt of her.*

3. He rides and thunders thro' the ſky,
His name Jehovah ſounds on high;
Sing to his name ye ſons of grace,
Ye ſaints rejoice before his face.

4. The widow and the fatherleſs
Fly to his aid in ſharp diſtreſs;
In him the poor and helpleſs find
A Judge that 's juſt a Father kind.

5. He breaks the captive's heavy chain
And pris'ners ſee the light again;
But rebels that diſpute his will
Shall dwell in chains and darkneſs ſtill.

PAUSE.

6. Kingdoms and thrones to God belong,
Crown him ye nations in your ſong;
His wondrous names and pow'rs rehearſe,
His honours ſhall enrich your verſe.

7. He ſhakes the heav'ns with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
In Iſrael are his mercies known,
Iſrael is his peculiar throne.

8. Proclaim him King, pronounce him bleſt,
He 's your defence, your joy, your reſt:
When terrours riſe and nations faint
God is the ſtrength of ev'ry ſaint.

PSALM LXVIII. ver. 17, 18. Second part.

Christ's ascension, and the gift of the Spirit.

LORD! when thou didst ascend on high
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky;
Those heav'nly guards around thee wait
Like chariots that attend thy state. 4

2. Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there,
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law
And struck the chosen tribes with awe. 8

3. How bright the triumph none can tell
When the rebellious pow'rs of hell
That thousand souls had captive made
Were all in chains like captives led. 12

4. Rais'd by his Father to the throne
He sent the promis'd Spirit down
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again †. 16

PSALM LXVIII. ver. 19, 9, 20, 21, 22. Third part.

Praise for temporal blessings, or, *Common and special mercies.*

WE bless the Lord, the just, the good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and food,
Who pours his blessings from the skies
And loads our days with rich supplies. 4

† The 17th and 18th verses of this Psalm are applied to the ascension of Christ, *Eph.* iv. 8. and the promised Spirit was then given to men, *Acts* ii. 33.

2. He ſends the ſun his circuit round
To cheer the fruits to warm the ground;
He bids the clouds with plenteous rain
Refreſh the thirſty earth again.

3. 'Tis to his care we owe our breath
And all our near eſcapes from death:
Safety and health to God belong;
He heals the weak and guards the ſtrong.

4. He makes the ſaint and ſinner prove
The common bleſſings of his love,
But the wide diff'rence that remains
Is endleſs joy or endleſs pains.

5. The Lord that bruis'd the ſerpent's head
On all the ſerpent's ſeed ſhall tread,
The ſtubborn ſinner's hope confound,
And ſmite him with a laſting wound.

6. But his right hand his ſaints ſhall raiſe
From the deep earth or deeper ſeas,
And bring them to his courts above,
There ſhall they taſte his ſpecial love †.

PSALM LXIX. ver. 1,—14. Firſt part. Com. Metre.

The ſufferings of Chriſt for our ſalvation.

"Save me O God! the ſwelling floods
"Break in upon my ſoul;
"I ſink, and ſorrows o'er my head
"Like mighty waters roll.

† The verſes marked in the title afforded me ſeveral hints to form a divine ſong on the ſubject there expreſſed.

2. "I cry till all my voice be gone,
"In tears I waste the day;
"My God! behold my longing eyes,
"And shorten thy delay.

3. "They hate my soul without a cause,
"And still their number grows,
"More than the hairs around my head,
"And mighty are my foes.

4. "'Twas then I paid that dreadful debt
"That men could never pay,
"And gave those honours to thy law
"Which sinners took away."

5. Thus in the great Messiah's name
The royal prophet mourns,
Thus he awakes our hearts to grief
And gives us joy by turns:

6. "Now shall the saints rejoice and find
"Salvation in my name,
"For I have borne their heavy load
"Of sorrow, pain, and shame.

7. "Grief like a garment cloth'd me round,
"And sackcloth was my dress,
"While I procur'd for naked souls
"A robe of righteousness.

8. "Amongst my brethren and the Jews
"I like a stranger stood,
"And bore their vile reproach to bring
"The Gentiles near to God.

9. "I came in sinful mortals' stead
"To do my Father's will,
"Yet when I cleans'd my Father's house
"They scandaliz'd my zeal.

10. "My fasting and my holy groans
"Were made the drunkard's song,
"But God from his celestial throne
"Heard my complaining tongue.

11. "He sav'd me from the dreadful deep,
"Nor let my soul be drown'd,
"He rais'd and fix'd my sinking feet
"On well establish'd ground.

12. "'Twas in a most accepted hour
"My pray'r arose on high,
"And for my sake my God shall hear
"The dying sinner's cry †."

PSALM LXIX. ver. 14,—21, 26, 29, 32. Second part.
Common Metre.

The passion and exaltation of Christ.

Now let our lips with holy fear
And mournful pleasure sing
The suff'rings of our great High Priest,
The sorrows of our King.

† Stan. vii. I borrow the *robe of righteousness* from *Is.* lxi. 10. to answer the *garment of sackcloth*, ver. 11.

2. He ſinks in floods of deep diſtreſs,
How high the waters riſe!
While to his heav'nly Father's ear
He ſends perpetual cries.

3. "Hear me, O Lord! and ſave thy Son,
"Nor hide thy ſhining face;
"Why ſhould thy fav'rite look like one
"Forſaken of thy grace?

4. "With rage they perſecute the man
"That groans beneath thy wound,
"While for a ſacrifice I pour
"My life upon the ground.

5. "They tread my honour to the duſt,
"And laugh when I complain;
"Their ſharp inſulting ſlanders add
"Freſh anguiſh to my pain.

6. "All my reproach is known to thee,
"The ſcandal and the ſhame;
"Reproach has broke my bleeding heart,
"And lies defil'd my name.

7. "I look'd for pity but in vain;
"My kindred are my grief;
"I aſk my friends for comfort round
"But meet with no relief.

8. "With vinegar they mock my thirſt,
"They give me gall for food,
"And ſporting with my dying groans
"They triumph in my blood.

9. " Shine into my diſtreſſed ſoul,
" Let thy compaſſions ſave,
" And tho' my fleſh ſink down to death
" Redeem it from the grave.
10. " I ſhall ariſe to praiſe thy name,
" Shall reign in worlds unknown,
" And thy ſalvation O my God!
" Shall ſeat me on thy throne."

PSALM LXIX. Third part. Common Metre.

Chriſt's obedience and death, or, *God glorified and ſinners ſaved.*

FATHER! I ſing thy wondrous grace,
I bleſs my Saviour's name,
He bought ſalvation for the poor,
And bore the ſinner's ſhame.
2. His deep diſtreſs has rais'd us high,
His duty and his zeal
Fulfill'd the law which mortals broke
And finiſh'd all thy will.
3. His dying groans his living ſongs
Shall better pleaſe my God
Than harp or trumpet's ſolemn ſound,
Than goats' or bullocks' blood.
4. This ſhall his humble followers ſee
And ſet their hearts at reſt;
They by his death draw near to thee
And live for ever bleſt.

5. Let heav'n and all that dwell on high
To God their voices raiſe,
While lands and ſeas aſſiſt the ſky,
And join t' advance the praiſe.

6. Sion is thine moſt holy God!
Thy Son ſhall bleſs her gates,
And glory purchas'd by his blood
For thy own Iſrael waits.

PSALM LXIX. Firſt part. Long Metre.

Chriſt's paſſion and ſinner's ſalvation.

Deep in our hearts let us record
The deeper ſorrows of our Lord;
Behold the riſing billows roll
To overwhelm his holy ſoul!

2. In long complaints he ſpends his breath,
While hoſts of hell and pow'rs of death
And all the ſons of malice join
To execute their curs'd deſign.

3. Yet gracious God! thy pow'r and love
Has made the curſe a bleſſing prove;
Thoſe dreadful ſuff'rings of thy Son
Aton'd for ſins which we had done.

4. The pangs of our expiring Lord
The honours of thy law reſtor'd,
His ſorrows made thy juſtice known,
And paid for follies not his own.

5. O for his ſake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning ſinner live!
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor ſhall our hope be turn'd to ſhame.

PSALM LXIX. ver. 7, &c. Second part.
Long Metre.
Chriſt's ſufferings and zeal.

'TWAS for thy ſake eternal God!
Thy Son ſuſtain'd that heavy load
Of baſe reproach and ſore diſgrace,
And ſhame defil'd his ſacred face.

2. The Jews, his brethren and his kin,
Abus'd the Man that check'd their ſin;
While he fulfill'd thy holy laws
They hate him, but without a cauſe.

[3. "My Father's houſe," ſaid he, "was made
"A place for worſhip not for trade;"
Then ſcatt'ring all their gold and braſs
He ſcourg'd the merchants from the place.]

[4. Zeal for the temple of his God
Conſum'd his life expos'd his blood;
Reproaches at thy glory thrown
He felt, and mourn'd them as his own.]

[5. His friends forſook his followers fled,
While foes and arms ſurround his head;
They curſe him with a ſland'rous tongue,
And the falſe judge maintains the wrong.]

6. His life they load with hateful lies,
And charge his lips with blaſphemies;
They nail him to the ſhameful tree;
There hung the Man that dy'd for me. 24

[7. Wretches with hearts as hard as ſtones
Inſult his piety and groans;
Gall was the food they gave him there,
And mock'd his thirſt with vinegar.] 28

8. But God beheld, and from his throne
Marks out the men that hate his Son;
The hand that rais'd him from the dead
Shall pour the vengeance on their head *. 32

PSALM LXXI. ver. 5,—9. Firſt part.

The aged ſaint's reflection and hope.

My God, my everlaſting hope!
I live upon thy truth,
Thine hands have held my childhood up
And ſtrengthen'd all my youth. 4

* In both the metres of this Pſalm I have applied it to the ſufferings of Chriſt, as The New Teſtament gives ſufficient reaſon by ſeveral citations of this Pſalm, from which places I have borrowed the particulars of his ſuffering for our ſins, his ſcourging the buyers and ſellers out of the temple, his crucifixion, &c.; but I have omitted the dreadful imprecations on his enemies, except what is inſerted in this laſt ſtanza in the way of a prediction or threatening.——Stanza v. The falſe judge is the high prieſt, not Pilate.

2. My fleſh was faſhion'd by thy pow'r
With all theſe limbs of mine,
And from my mother's painful hour
I 'ave been entirely thine.
3. Still has my life new wonders ſeen
Repeated ev'ry year;
Behold my days that yet remain
I truſt them to thy care.
4. Caſt me not off when ſtrength declines,
When hoary hairs ariſe,
And round me let thy glories ſhine
Whene'er thy ſervant dies.
5. Then in the hiſt'ry of my age,
When men review my days,
They 'll read thy love in ev'ry page,
In ev'ry line thy praiſe.

PSALM LXXI. ver. 15, 14, 16, 23, 22, 24. Second part.

Chriſt our ſtrength and righteouſneſs.

MY Saviour, my almighty Friend!
When I begin thy praiſe
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?
2. Thou art my everlaſting truſt,
Thy goodneſs I adore,
And ſince I knew thy graces firſt
I ſpeak thy glories more.

3. My feet ſhall travel all the length
Of the celeſtial road,
And march with courage in thy ſtrength
To ſee my Father God.

4. When I am fill'd with ſore diſtreſs
For ſome ſurpriſing ſin,
I 'll plead thy perfect righteouſneſs,
And mention none but thine.

5. How will my lips rejoice to tell
The vict'ries of my King!
My ſoul redeem'd from ſin and hell
Shall thy ſalvation ſing.

[6. My tongue ſhall all the day proclaim
My Saviour and my God,
His death has brought my foes to ſhame
And drown'd them in his blood.

7. Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'rs;
With this delightful ſong
I'll entertain the darkeſt hours,
Nor think the ſeaſon long ‡.]

‡ If theſe verſes of the Pſalmiſt do not directly intend that in God our Saviour is our righteouſneſs and ſtrength, as *Iſa.* xlv. 21,—25. yet there is a fair occaſion given in the words for this evangelical turn of thought.

PSALM LXXI. ver. 17,—21. Third part.

The aged Chriſtian's prayer and ſong, or, Old age, death, and the reſurrection.

GOD of my childhood and my youth,
The guide of all my days!
I have declar'd thy heav'nly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.

2. Wilt thou forſake my hoary hairs
And leave my fainting heart?
Who ſhall ſuſtain my ſinking years
If God my ſtrength depart?

3. Let me thy pow'r and truth proclaim
To the ſurviving age,
And leave a ſavour of thy name
When I ſhall quit the ſtage.

4. The land of ſilence and of death
Attends my next remove;
O may theſe poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world thy love!

PAUSE.

5. Thy righteouſneſs is deep and high,
Unſearchable thy deeds,
Thy glory ſpreads beyond the ſky,
And all my praiſe exceeds.

6. Oft' have I heard thy threat'nings roar,
And oft' endur'd the grief,
But when thy hand has preſs'd me ſore
Thy grace was my relief.

7. By long experience have I known
Thy ſov'reign pow'r to ſave;
At thy command I venture down
Securely to the grave.

8. When I lie bury'd deep in duſt
My fleſh ſhall be thy care;
Theſe with'ring limbs with thee I truſt
To raiſe them ſtrong and fair †.

PSALM LXXII. Firſt part.

The kingdom of Chriſt.

GREAT God! whoſe univerſal ſway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his pow'r, exalt his throne.

2. Thy ſceptre well becomes his hands,
All heav'n ſubmits to his commands;
His juſtice ſhall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

† So fair a profeſſion and faith of the reſurrection in ver. 20. I could not omit without injury to the Pſalmiſt and to my own deſign.

3. With pow'r he vindicates the juſt,
And treads th' oppreſſor in the duſt:
His worſhip and his fear ſhall laſt
Till hours, and years, and time, be paſt.
4. As rain on meadows newly mown,
So ſhall he ſend his influence down;
His grace on fainting ſouls diſtils
Like heav'nly dew on thirſty hills.
5. The Heathen lands that lie beneath
The ſhades of overſpreading death
Revive at his firſt dawning light,
And deſerts bloſſom at the ſight.
6. The ſaints ſhall flouriſh in his days
Dreſs'd in the robes of joy and praiſe;
Peace like a river from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

PSALM LXXII. Second part.

Chriſt's kingdom among the Gentiles.

Jesus ſhall reign where'er the ſun
Does his ſucceſſive journies run,
His kingdom ſtretch from ſhore to ſhore
Till moons ſhall wax and wane no more.
[2. Behold the iſlands with their kings
And Europe her beſt tribute brings;
From north to ſouth the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet.

3. There Perſia, glorious to behold,
There India ſhines in eaſtern gold,
And barb'rous nations at his word
Submit and bow, and own their Lord.]

4. For him ſhall endleſs pray'r be made,
And praiſes throng to crown his head;
His name like ſweet perfume ſhall riſe
With ev'ry morning ſacrifice.

5. People and realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on his love with ſweeteſt ſong,
And infant voices ſhall proclaim
Their early bleſſings on his name.

6. Bleſſings abound where'er he reigns;
The pris'ner leaps to loſe his chains,
The weary find eternal reſt,
And all the ſons of want are bleſt.

[7. Where he diſplays his healing pow'r
Death and the curſe are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boaſt
More bleſſings than their father loſt.

8. Let ev'ry creature riſe and bring
Peculiar honours to our King,
Angels deſcend with ſongs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen!]

PSALM LXXIII. First part. Common Metre.

Afflicted saints happy and prosperous, sinners cursed.

Now I'm convinc'd the Lord is kind
To men of heart sincere,
Yet once my foolish thoughts repin'd
And border'd on despair.

2. I griev'd to see the wicked thrive,
And spoke with angry breath,
" How pleasant and profane they live,
" How peaceful is their death!

3. " With wellfed flesh and haughty eyes
" They lay their fears to sleep,
" Against the heav'ns their slanders rise
" While saints in silence weep.

4. " In vain I lift my hands to pray
" And cleanse my heart in vain,
" For I am chasten'd all the day,
" The night renews my pain."

5. Yet while my tongue indulg'd complaints
I felt my heart reprove;
" Sure I shall thus offend thy saints
" And grieve the men I love."

6. But still I found my doubts too hard,
The conflict too severe,
Till I retir'd to search thy word
And learn thy secrets there.

7. There as in some prophetick glass
I saw the sinner's feet
High mounted on a slipp'ry place
Beside a fiery pit.

8. I heard the wretch profanely boast
Till at thy frown he fell;
His honours in a dream were lost,
And he awakes in hell.

9. Lord, what an envious fool I was!
How like a thoughtless beast!
Thus to suspect thy promis'd grace
And think the wicked blest.

10. Yet was I kept from full despair,
Upheld by pow'r unknown;
That blessed hand that broke the snare
Shall guide me to thy throne.

PSALM LXXIII. ver. 23,—28. Second part.
Common Metre.

God our portion here and hereafter.

God! my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up
When sinking in despair.

2. Thy counsels Lord! shall guide my feet
Thro' this dark wilderness,
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat
To dwell before thy face.

3. Were I in heav'n without my God
'Twould be no joy to me,
And whilſt this earth is my abode
I long for none but thee. 12

4. What if the ſprings of life were broke
And fleſh and heart ſhould faint?
God is my ſoul's eternal rock,
The ſtrength of ev'ry ſaint. 16

5. Behold the ſinners that remove
Far from thy preſence die;
Not all the idol gods they love
Can ſave them when they cry. 20

6. But to draw near to thee my God
Shall be my ſweet employ,
My tongue ſhall ſound thy works abroad
And tell the world my joy. 24

PSALM LXXIII. ver. 22, 3, 6, 17,—20.
Long Metre.

The proſperity of ſinners curſed.

LORD! what a thoughtleſs wretch was I
To mourn, and murmur, and repine,
To ſee the wicked plac'd on high
In pride and robes of honour ſhine! 4

2. But O! their end, their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so;
On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

3. Now let them boast how tall they rise,
I'll never envy them again;
There they may stand with haughty eyes
Till they plunge deep in endless pain.

4. Their fancy'd joys how fast they fly!
Just like a dream when man awakes;
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a preface to their plagues.

5. Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood;
Lord! 't is enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God.

PSALM LXXIII. Short Metre.

The mystery of Providence unfolded.

SURE there 's a righteous God,
Nor is religion vain,
Tho' men of vice may boast aloud
And men of grace complain.

2. I saw the wicked rise,
And felt my heart repine
While haughty fools with scornful eyes
In robes of honour shine.

[3. Pamper'd with wanton eafe
Their flefh looks full and fair,
Their wealth rolls in like flowing feas
And grows without their care.
4. Free from the plagues and pains
That pious fouls endure,
Thro' all their life oppreffion reigns
And racks the humble poor.
5. Their impious tongues blafpheme
The everlafting God,
Their malice blafts the good man's name
And fpreads their lies abroad.
6. But I with flowing tears
Indulg'd my doubts to rife,
"Is there a God that fees or hears
"The things below the fkies?"]
7. The tumults of my thought
Held me in hard fufpenfe,
Till to thy houfe my feet were brought
To learn thy juftice thence.
8. Thy word with light and pow'r
Did my miftakes amend;
I view'd the finners' life before,
But here I learn'd their end.
9. On what a flipp'ry fteep
The thoughtlefs wretches go!
And O that dreadful fiery deep
That waits their fall below!

10. Lord! at thy feet I bow,
My thoughts no more repine;
I call my God my portion now,
And all my pow'rs are thine ‡.

PSALM LXXIV.

The church pleading with God under sore persecutions.

Will God for ever cast us off,
His wrath for ever smoke
Against the people of his love,
His little chosen flock?

2. Think of the tribes so dearly bought
With their Redeemer's blood,
Nor let thy Sion be forgot,
Where once thy glory stood.

3. Lift up thy feet and march in haste,
Aloud our ruin calls;
See what a wide and fearful waste
Is made within thy walls!

4. Where once thy churches pray'd and sang
Thy foes profanely roar,
Over thy gates their ensigns hang,
Sad tokens of their pow'r!

‡ This Psalm is a most noble composure, the design and model of it is divinely beautiful, and an admirable pattern for a poet to copy, but it being one single scheme of thought I was obliged to contract it that it might be sung at once, though the dignity and beauty of the ode suffers much by this means.

5. How are the ſeats of worſhip broke!
They tear thy buildings down,
And he that deals the heavieſt ſtroke
Procures the chief renown.

6. With flames they threaten to deſtroy
Thy children in their neſt;
"Come let us burn at once," they cry,
"The temple and the prieſt."

7. And ſtill to heighten our diſtreſs
Thy preſence is withdrawn;
Thy wonted ſigns of pow'r and grace,
Thy pow'r and grace are gone.

8. No prophet ſpeaks to calm our woes,
But all the ſeers mourn;
There 's not a ſoul amongſt us knows
The time of thy return.

PAUSE.

9. How long, eternal God! how long
Shall men of pride blaſpheme?
Shall ſaints be made their endleſs ſong,
And bear immortal ſhame?

10. Canſt thou for ever ſit and hear
Thine holy name profan'd,
And ſtill thy jealouſy forbear,
And ſtill withhold thine hand?

11. What ſtrange deliv'rance haſt thou ſhown
In ages long before!
And now no other God we own,
No other God adore.

12. Thou didst divide the raging sea
By thy resistless might,
To make thy tribes a wondrous way,
And then secure their flight.

13. Is not the world of nature thine,
The darkness and the day?
Didst not thou bid the morning shine,
And mark the sun his way?

14. Hath not thy pow'r form'd ev'ry coast,
And set the earth its bounds,
With summer's heat and winter's frost
In their perpetual rounds?

15. And shall the sons of earth and dust
That sacred Pow'r blaspheme?
Will not thy hand that form'd them first
Avenge thine injur'd name?

16. Think on the cov'nant thou hast made
And all thy words of love,
Nor let the birds of prey invade
And vex thy mourning dove.

17. Our foes would triumph in our blood
And make our hope their jest;
Plead thy own cause almighty God!
And give thy children rest.

PSALM LXXV.

Power and government from God alone.

Applied to the glorious revolution by King William, or the happy acceſſion of King George to the throne.

To Thee moſt holy and moſt high!
To thee we bring our thankful praiſe;
Thy works declare thy name is nigh,
Thy works of wonder and of grace.
2. Britain was doom'd to be a ſlave,
Her frame diſſolv'd, her fears were great,
When God a new ſupporter gave
To bear the pillars of the ſtate.
3. He from thy hand receiv'd his crown,
And ſware to rule by wholeſome laws;
His foot ſhall tread th' oppreſſor down,
His arm defend the righteous cauſe.
4. Let haughty ſinners ſink their pride,
Nor lift ſo high their ſcornful head,
But lay their fooliſh thoughts aſide,
And own the king that God hath made.
5. Such honours never come by chance,
Nor do the winds promotion blow;
'Tis God the Judge doth one advance,
'Tis God that lays another low.

6. No vain pretence to royal birth
Shall fix a tyrant on the throne;
God, the great Sov'reign of the earth,
Will riſe and make his juſtice known.

[7. His hand holds out the dreadful cup
Of vengeance mix'd with various plagues,
To make the wicked drink them up,
Wring out and taſte the bitter dregs.

8. Now ſhall the Lord exalt the juſt,
And while he tramples on the proud
And lays their glory in the duſt
My lips ſhall ſing his praiſe aloud.]

PSALM LXXVI.

Iſrael ſaved, and the Aſſyrians deſtroyed, or, *God's vengeance againſt his enemies proceeds from his church.*

In Judah God of old was known,
His name in Iſrael great,
In Salem ſtood his holy throne,
And Sion was his ſeat.

2. Among the praiſes of his ſaints
His dwelling there he choſe,
There he receiv'd their juſt complaints
Againſt their haughty foes.

3. From Sion went his dreadful word
And broke the threat'ning ſpear,
The bow, the arrows, and the ſword,
And cruſh'd th' Aſſyrian war.

4. What are the earth's wide kingdoms elſe
But mighty hills of prey?
The hill on which Jehovah dwells
Is glorious more than they.

5. 'Twas Sion's King that ſtopp'd the breath
Of captains and their bands:
The men of might ſlept faſt in death
And never found their hands.

6. At thy rebuke O Jacob's God!
Both horſe and chariot fell:
Who knows the terrours of thy rod,
Thy vengeance who can tell?

7. What pow'r can ſtand before thy ſight
When once thy wrath appears?
When heav'n ſhines round with dreadful light
The earth lies ſtill and fears.

8. When God in his own ſov'reign ways
Comes down to ſave th' oppreſt
The wrath of man ſhall work his praiſe,
And he 'll reſtrain the reſt.

[9. Vow to the Lord and tribute bring;
Ye princes fear his frown;
His terrour ſhakes the proudeſt king
And cuts an army down.

10. The thunder of his ſharp rebuke
Our haughty foes ſhall feel,
For Jacob's God hath not forſook,
But dwells in Sion ſtill.]

PSALM LXXVII. Firſt part.

Melancholy aſſaulting and hope prevailing.

To God I cry'd, with mournful voice
I ſought his gracious ear,
In the ſad day when troubles roſe
And fill'd the night with fear.

2. Sad were my days and dark my nights,
My ſoul refus'd relief;
I thought on God the juſt and wiſe,
But thoughts increas'd my grief.

3. Still I complain'd, and ſtill oppreſt
My heart began to break;
My God! thy wrath forbid my reſt
And kept my eyes awake.

4. My overwhelming ſorrows grew
Till I could ſpeak no more,
Then I within myſelf withdrew
And call'd thy judgments o'er.

5. I call'd back years and ancient times
When I beheld thy face;
My ſpirit ſearch'd for ſecret crimes
That might withhold thy grace.

6. I call'd thy mercies to my mind
Which I enjoy'd before;
And will the Lord no more be kind,
His face appear no more?

7. Will he for ever cast me off?
His promise ever fail?
Has he forgot his tender love?
Shall anger still prevail?

8. But I forbid this hopeless thought,
This dark despairing frame,
Rememb'ring what thy hand hath wrought
Thy hand is still the same.

9. I'll think again of all thy ways
And talk thy wonders o'er,
Thy wonders of recov'ring grace,
When flesh could help no more.

10. Grace dwells with justice on the throne,
And men that love thy word
Have in thy sanctuary known
The counsels of the Lord.

PSALM LXXVII. Second part.

Comfort derived from ancient providences, or, *Israel delivered from Egypt and brought to Canaan.*

"How awful is thy chast'ning rod?
"(May thy own children say)
"The great, the wise, the dreadful, God!
"How holy is his way!"

2. I'll meditate his works of old;
The King that reigns above
I'll hear his ancient wonders told,
And learn to trust his love.

3. Long did the houſe of Joſeph lie
With Egypt's yoke oppreſt,
Long he delay'd to hear their cry,
Nor gave his people reſt.

4. The ſons of good old Jacob ſeem'd
Abandon'd to their foes,
But his almighty arm redeem'd
The nation that he choſe.

5. Iſrael his people and his ſheep
Muſt follow where he calls;
He bids them venture thro' the deep
And made the waves their walls.

6. The waters ſaw thee mighty God,
The waters ſaw thee come,
Backward they fled and frighted ſtood
To make thine armies room.

7. Strange was thy journey thro' the ſea,
Thy footſteps Lord unknown,
Terrours attend the wondrous way
That brings thy mercies down.

[8. Thy voice with terrour in the ſound
Thro' clouds and darkneſs broke,
All heav'n in lightning ſhone around,
And earth with thunder ſhook.

9. Thine arrows thro' the ſkies were hurl'd;
How glorious is the Lord!
Surpriſe and trembling ſeiz'd the world,
And his own ſaints ador'd.

10. He gave them water from the rock,
And safe by Moses' hand,
Thro' a dry desert led his flock
Home to the promis'd land.

PSALM LXXVIII. First part.

Providences of God recorded, or, *Pious education and instruction of children.*

Let children hear the mighty deeds
Which God perform'd of old,
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2. He bids us make his glories known,
His works of pow'r and grace,
And we'll convey his wonders down
Thro' ev'ry rising race.

3. Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4. Thus they shall learn in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his works
But practise his commands.

PSALM LXXVIII. Second part.

Iſrael's rebellion and puniſhment, or, *The ſins and chaſtiſements of God's people.*

O What a ſtiff rebellious houſe
Was Jacob's ancient race!
Falſe to their own moſt ſolemn vows
And to their Maker's grace! 4

2. They broke the cov'nant of his love,
And did his laws deſpiſe,
Forgot the works he wrought to prove
His pow'r before their eyes! 8

3. They ſaw the plagues on Egypt light
From his revenging hand;
What dreadful tokens of his might
Spread o'er the ſtubborn land! 12

4. They ſaw him cleave the mighty ſea,
And march'd in ſafety thro',
With wat'ry walls to guard their way
Till they had 'ſcap'd the foe. 16

5. A wondrous pillar mark'd the road,
Compos'd of ſhade and light;
By day it prov'd a ſhelt'ring cloud,
A leading fire by night. 20

6. He from the rock their thirſt ſupply'd;
The guſhing waters fell,
And ran in rivers by their ſide,
A conſtant miracle. 24

7. Yet they provok'd the Lord moſt high,
And dar'd diſtruſt his hand:
"Can he with bread our hoſt ſupply
"Amidſt this deſert land?" 28
8. The Lord with indignation heard,
And caus'd his wrath to flame;
His terrours ever ſtand prepar'd
To vindicate his name. 32

PSALM LXXVIII. Third part.

The puniſhment of luxury and intemperance, or, Chaſtiſement and ſalvation.

When Iſrael ſins the Lord reproves
And fills their hearts with dread,
Yet he forgives the men he loves
And ſends them heav'nly bread. 4
2. He fed them with a lib'ral hand,
And made his treaſures known,
He gave the midnight clouds command
To pour proviſion down. 8
3. The manna like a morning ſhow'r
Lay thick around their feet;
The corn of heav'n ſo light ſo pure
As tho' 't were angels' meat. 12
4. But they in murm'ring language ſaid
"Manna is all our feaſt,
"We loathe this light this airy bread,
"We muſt have fleſh to taſte." 16

5. "Ye ſhall have fleſh to pleaſe your luſt,"
The Lord in wrath reply'd,
And ſent them quails like ſand or duſt,
Heap'd up from ſide to ſide.

6. He gave them all their own deſire,
And greedy as they fed
His vengeance burnt with ſecret fire
And ſmote the rebels dead.

7. When ſome were ſlain, the reſt return'd
And ſought the Lord with tears;
Under the rod they fear'd and mourn'd,
But ſoon forgot their fears.

8. Oft' he chaſtis'd, and ſtill forgave,
Till by his gracious hand
The nation he reſolv'd to ſave
Poſſeſs'd the promis'd land.

PSALM LXXVIII. ver. 32. &c. Fourth part.

Backſliding and forgiveneſs, or, Sin puniſhed, and ſaints ſaved.

GREAT God! how oft' did Iſrael prove
By turns thine anger and thy love?
There in a glaſs our hearts may ſee
How fickle and how falſe they be.

2. How ſoon the faithleſs Jews forgot
The dreadful wonders God had wrought!
Then they provoke him to his face,
Nor fear his pow'r nor truſt his grace.

3. The Lord conſum'd their years in pain
And made their travels long and vain;
A tedious march thro' unknown ways
Wore out their ſtrength and ſpent their days.
4. Oft' when they ſaw their brethren ſlain
They mourn'd and ſought the Lord again,
Call'd him the Rock of their abode,
Their high Redeemer and their God.
5. Their pray'rs and vows before him riſe
As flatt'ring words or ſolemn lies,
While their rebellious tempers prove
Falſe to his cov'nant and his love.
6. Yet did his ſov'reign grace forgive
The men who not deſerv'd to live;
His anger oft' away he turn'd,
Or elſe with gentle flame it burn'd.
7. He ſaw their fleſh was weak and frail,
He ſaw temptation ſtill prevail:
The God of Abra'm lov'd them ſtill,
And led them to his holy hill.

PSALM LXXX.

The church's prayer under affliction, or, *The vineyard of God waſted.*

GREAT Shepherd of thine Iſrael
Who didſt between the cherubs dwell,
And led the tribes, thy choſen ſheep,
Safe thro' the deſert and the deep.

2. Thy church is in the deſert now,
Shine from on high and guide us thro';
Turn us to thee, thy love reſtore,
We ſhall be ſav'd and ſigh no more.

3. Great God! whom heav'nly hoſts obey,
How long ſhall we lament and pray,
And wait in vain thy kind return?
How long ſhall thy fierce anger burn?

4. Inſtead of wine and cheerful bread
Thy ſaints with their own tears are fed;
Turn us to thee, thy love reſtore,
We ſhall be ſav'd, and ſigh no more.

PAUSE THE FIRST.

5. Haſt thou not planted with thy hands
A lovely vine in Heathen lands?
Did not thy pow'r defend it round,
And heav'nly dews enrich the ground?

6. How did the ſpreading branches ſhoot,
And bleſs the nations with the fruit?
But now dear Lord look down and ſee
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.

7. Why is its beauty thus deface'd?
Why haſt thou laid her fences waſte?
Strangers and foes againſt her join,
And ev'ry beaſt devours the vine.

8. Return almighty God, return,
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn:
Turn us to thee, thy love reſtore,
We ſhall be ſav'd and ſigh no more.

PAUSE THE SECOND.

9. Lord! when this vine in Canaan grew
Thou wert its ſtrength and glory too!
Attack'd in vain by all its foes
Till the fair Branch of promiſe roſe.
10. Fair Branch, ordain'd of old to ſhoot
From David's ſtock, from Jacob's root;
Himſelf a noble Vine, and we
The leſſer branches of the Tree.
11. 'Tis thy own Son; and he ſhall ſtand,
Girt with thy ſtrength, at thy right hand;
Thy firſt-born Son, adorn'd and bleſs'd
With pow'r and grace above the reſt.
12. O! for his ſake attend our cry,
Shine on thy churches leſt they die;
Turn us to thee, thy love reſtore,
We ſhall be ſav'd and ſigh no more.

PSALM LXXXI.

The warnings of God to his people, or, *Spiritual bleſſings and puniſhments.*

Sing to the Lord aloud,
And make a joyful noiſe;
God is our ſtrength, our Saviour God;
Let Iſrael hear his voice.

2. " From vile idolatry
" Preſerve my worſhip clean;
" I am the Lord who ſet thee free
" From ſlavery and ſin.

3. " Stretch thy deſires abroad,
" And I 'll ſupply them well;
" But if ye will refuſe your God,
" If Iſrael will rebel,

4. " I 'll leave them" ſaith the Lord
" To their own luſts a prey,
" And let them run the dang'rous road,
" 'Tis their own choſen way.

5. " Yet O! that all my ſaints
" Would hearken to my voice!
" Soon I would eaſe their ſore complaints
" And bid their hearts rejoice.

6. " While I deſtroy their foes
" I 'd richly feed my flock,
" And they ſhould taſte the ſtream that flows
" From their eternal Rock."

PSALM LXXXII.

God the ſupreme Governour, or, *Magiſtrates warned.*

AMONG th' aſſemblies of the great
A greater Ruler takes his ſeat;
The God of heav'n as Judge ſurveys
Thoſe gods on earth and all their ways.

2. Why will ye then frame wicked laws?
Or why support th' unrighteous caufe?
When will ye once defend the poor
That finners vex the faints no more? 8
3. They know not Lord, nor will they know;
Dark are the ways in which they go;
Their name of earthly gods is vain,
For they fhall fall and die like men. 12
4. Arife O Lord, and let thy Son
Poffefs his univerfal throne,
And rule the nations with his rod;
He is our Judge and he our God †. 16

PSALM LXXXIII.

A complaint againft perfecutors.

And will the God of grace
Perpetual filence keep?
The God of juftice hold his peace,
And let his vengeance fleep? 4
2. Behold what curfed fnares
The men of mifchief fpread;
The men that hate thy faints and thee
Lift up their threat'ning head. 8

† The laft verfe of this Pfalm may not improperly be applied to Chrift, for he is that God that muft judge the earth, *Pfalm* xcvi, and xcviii. and have the "nations for his inheritance." *Pfal.* ii. 8.

3. Againſt thy hidden ones
Their counſels they employ,
And malice with her watchful eye
Purſues them to deſtroy.
4. The noble and the baſe
Into thy paſtures leap;
The lion and the ſtupid aſs
Conſpire to vex thy ſheep.
5. "Come let us join," they cry,
"To root them from the ground,
"Till not the name of ſaints remain,
"Nor mem'ry ſhall be found."
6. Awake almighty God
And call thy wrath to mind,
Give them like foreſts to the fire
Or ſtubble to the wind.
7. Convince their madneſs Lord,
And make them ſeek thy name,
Or elſe their ſtubborn rage confound
That they may die in ſhame.
8. Then ſhall the nations know
That glorious dreadful word,
Jehovah is thy name alone,
And thou the ſov'reign Lord.

PSALM LXXXIV. First part. Long Metre.

The pleasure of publick worship.

How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2. My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

3. The sparrow chuses where to rest,
And for her young provides her nest;
But will my God to sparrows grant
That pleasure which his children want?

4. Bless'd are the saints who sit on high
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

5. Bless'd are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face and learn thy praise.

6. Bless'd are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Sion's gate;
God is their strength; and thro' the road
They lean upon their helper God.

7. Cheerful they walk with growing ſtrength
Till all ſhall meet in heav'n at length,
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worſhip there.

PSALM LXXXIV. Second part. Long Metre.

God and his church, or, Grace and glory.

GREAT God! attend while Sion ſings
The joy that from thy preſence ſprings:
To ſpend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thouſand days of mirth.

2. Might I enjoy the meaneſt place
Within thine houſe, O God of grace,
Not tents of eaſe nor thrones of pow'r
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3. God is our ſun, he makes our day,
God is our ſhield, he guards our way
From all th' aſſaults of hell and ſin,
From foes without and foes within.

4. All needful grace will God beſtow,
And crown that grace with glory too!
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright ſouls.

5. O God our King, whoſe ſov'reign ſway
The glorious hoſts of heav'n obey,
And devils at thy preſence flee,
Bleſs'd is the man that truſts in thee.

PSALM LXXXIV. ver. 1, 4, 2, 3, 10. paraphrafed.
Common Metre.

Delight in ordinances of worfhip, or, *God prefent in his churches.*

My foul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God reforts!
'Tis heav'n to fee his fmiling face
Tho' in his earthly courts. 4

2. There the great Monarch of the fkies
His faving pow'r difplays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes
With kind and quick'ning rays. 8

3. With his rich gifts the heav'nly Dove
Defcends and fills the place,
While Chrift reveals his wondrous love
And fheds abroad his grace. 12

4. There mighty God! thy words declare
The fecrets of thy will,
And ftill we feek thy mercy there,
And fing thy praifes ftill. 16

PAUSE.

5. My heart and flefh cry out for thee
While far from thine abode;
When fhall I tread thy courts and fee
My Saviour and my God? 20

6. The ſparrow builds herſelf a neſt
And ſuffers no remove,
O make me like the ſparrows bleſt
To dwell but where I love. 24

7. To ſit one day beneath thine eye
And hear thy gracious voice
Exceeds a whole eternity
Employ'd in carnal joys. 28

8. Lord! at thy threſhold I would wait
While Jeſus is within,
Rather than fill a throne of ſtate,
Or live in tents of ſin. 32

9. Could I command the ſpacious land
And the more boundleſs ſea,
For one bleſt hour at thy right hand
I'd give them both away. 36

PSALM LXXXIV. as the 148th Pſalm.

Longing for the houſe of God.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleaſant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples, are!
To thine abode
My heart aſpires
With warm deſires
To ſee my God. 8

2. The ſparrow for her young
With pleaſure ſeeks a neſt;
And wand'ring ſwallows long
To find their wonted reſt:
My ſpirit faints
With equal zeal
To riſe and dwell
Among thy ſaints. 16

3. O happy ſouls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their conſtant ſervice there!
They praiſe thee ſtill;
And happy they
That love the way
To Sion's hill. 24

4. They go from ſtrength to ſtrength
Thro' this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heav'n appears:
O glorious ſeat
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet! 32

PAUSE.

5. To ſpend one ſacred day
Where God and ſaints abide
Affords diviner joy
Than thouſand days beſide:

Where God reſorts
I love it more
To keep the door
Than ſhine in courts.

6. God is our ſun and ſhield,
Our light and our defence,
With gifts his hands are fill'd,
We draw our bleſſings thence:
He ſhall beſtow
On Jacob's race
Peculiar grace
And glory too.

7. The Lord his people loves:
His hand no good withholds
From thoſe his heart approves,
From pure and pious ſouls:
Thrice happy he,
O God of hoſts!
Whoſe ſpirit truſts
Alone in thee.

PSALM. LXXXV, ver. 1,—8. Firſt part.

Waiting for an anſwer to prayer, or, *Deliverance began and completed.*

LORD! thou haſt call'd thy grace to mind,
Thou haſt revers'd our heavy doom;
So God forgave when Iſrael ſinn'd,
And brought his wand'ring captives home.

2. Thou haſt begun to ſet us free,
And made thy fierceſt wrath abate:
Now let our hearts be turn'd to thee,
And thy ſalvation be complete.
3. Revive our dying graces Lord!
And let thy ſaints in thee rejoice;
Make known thy truth, fulfil thy word,
We wait for praiſe to tune our voice.
4. We wait to hear what God will ſay,
He'll ſpeak and give his people peace;
But let them run no more aſtray
Leſt his returning wrath increaſe.

PSALM LXXXV. ver. 9, &c. Second part.

Salvation by Chriſt.

SALVATION is for ever nigh
The ſouls that fear and truſt the Lord!
And grace deſcending from on high
Freſh hopes of glory ſhall afford.
2. Mercy and truth on earth are met
Since Chriſt the Lord came down from heav'n!
By his obedience ſo complete
Juſtice is pleas'd and peace is giv'n.
3. Now truth and honour ſhall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heav'nly influence bleſs the ground
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

4. His righteousness is gone before
To give us free access to God:
Our wand'ring feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps and keep the road†. 16

PSALM LXXXVI. ver. 8,—13.

A general song of praise to God.

Among the princes, earthly gods,
There 's none hath pow'r divine,
Nor is their nature mighty Lord!
Nor are their works like thine. 4

2. The nations thou hast made shall bring
Their off'rings round thy throne,
For thou alone dost wondrous things,
For thou art God alone. 8

3. Lord I would walk with holy feet,
Teach me thine heav'nly ways,
And my poor scatter'd thoughts unite
In God my Father's praise. 12

4. Great is thy mercy, and my tongue
Shall those sweet wonders tell,
How by thy grace my sinking soul
Rose from the deeps of hell. 16

† If some readers should suppose the English verse here to mistake the Hebrew sense, yet perhaps these evangelical allusions to the words of the Jewish Psalmist may be as agreeable and useful to the Christian worshipper.

PSALM LXXXVII.

The church the birthplace of the ſaints, or, *Jews and Gentiles united in the Chriſtian church.*

God in his earthly temple lays
Foundations for his heav'nly praiſe:
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But ſtill in Sion loves to dwell.

2. His mercy viſits ev'ry houſe
That pays their night and morning vows,
But makes a more delightful ſtay
Where churches meet to praiſe and pray.

3. What glories were deſcrib'd of old!
What wonders are of Sion told!
Thou city of our God below
Thy fame ſhall Tyre and Egypt know.

4. Egypt and Tyre, and Greek, and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew;
Angels and men ſhall join to ſing
The hill where living waters ſpring.

5. When God makes up his laſt account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'Twill be an honour to appear
As one newborn or nouriſh'd there †!

† I have explained the ſecond verſe at large, and tranſpoſed the laſt: for ſingers and players on inſtruments I have introduced angels with men.

PSALM LXXXIX. Firſt part. Long Metre.

The covenant made with Chriſt, or, The true David.

FOR ever ſhall my ſong record
The truth and mercy of the Lord:
Mercy and truth for ever ſtand
Like heav'n eſtabliſh'd by his hand. 4
2. Thus to his Son he ſware and ſaid
"With thee my cov'nant firſt is made;
"In thee ſhall dying ſinners live,
"Glory and grace are thine to give. 8
3. "Be thou my Prophet, thou my Prieſt;
"Thy children ſhall be ever bleſt;
"Thou art my choſen King; thy throne
"Shall ſtand eternal like my own. 12
4. "There 's none of all my ſons above
"So much my image or my love;
"Celeſtial pow'rs thy ſubjects are,
"Then what can earth to thee compare? 16
5. "David my ſervant, whom I choſe
"To guard my flock, to cruſh my foes,
"And rais'd him to the Jewiſh throne,
"Was but a ſhadow of my Son." 20
6. Now let the church rejoice and ſing
Jeſus her Saviour and her King;
Angels his heav'nly wonders ſhow,
And ſaints declare his works below. 24

PSALM LXXXIX. Firſt part. Common Metre.

The faithfulneſs of God.

My never-ceaſing ſongs ſhall ſhow
The mercies of the Lord,
And make ſucceeding ages know
How faithful is his word.

2. The ſacred truths his lips pronounce
Shall firm as heav'n endure,
And if he ſpeak a promiſe once
Th' eternal grace is ſure.

3. How long the race of David held
The promis'd Jewiſh throne!
But there's a nobler cov'nant ſeal'd
To David's greater Son.

4. His ſeed for ever ſhall poſſeſs
A throne above the ſkies;
The meaneſt ſubject of his grace
Shall to that glory riſe.

5. Lord God of hoſts thy wondrous ways
Are ſung by ſaints above,
And ſaints on earth their honours raiſe
To thy unchanging love.

PSALM LXXXIX. ver. 7, &c. Second part.

The power and majeſty of God, or, *Reverential worſhip.*

WITH rev'rence let the ſaints appear
And bow before the Lord,
His high commands with rev'rence hear
And tremble at his word.

2. How terrible thy glories be!
How bright thine armies ſhine!
Where is the pow'r that vies with thee
Or truth compar'd to thine?

3. The northern pole and ſouthern reſt
On thy ſupporting hand;
Darkneſs and day from eaſt to weſt
Move round at thy command.

4. Thy words the raging wind control
And rule the boiſt'rous deep;
Thou mak'ſt the ſleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows ſleep.

5. Heav'n, earth, and air, and ſea, are thine,
And the dark world of hell;
How did thine arm in vengeance ſhine
When Egypt durſt rebel!

6. Juſtice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wondrous is thy grace,
While truth and mercy join'd in one
Invite us near thy face ‡.

‡ I have here tranſpoſed the verſes a little to make the connexion plainer.

PSALM LXXXIX. ver. 15, &c. Third part.

A bleſſed goſpel.

BLESS'D are the ſouls that hear and know
The goſpel's joyful ſound,
Peace ſhall attend the path they go
And light their ſteps ſurround.

2. Their joy ſhall bear their ſpirits up
Thro' their Redeemer's name,
His righteouſneſs exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3. The Lord our glory and defence
Strength and ſalvation gives;
Iſrael thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

PSALM LXXXIX. ver. 19, &c. Fourth part.

Chriſt's mediatorial kingdom, or, *His divine and human nature.*

HEAR what the Lord in viſion ſaid,
And made his mercy known;
"Sinners, behold your help is laid
"On my almighty Son.

2. Behold the man my wiſdom choſe
Among your mortal race,
His head my holy oil o'erflows,
The ſpirit of my grace.

3. High ſhall he reign on David's throne,
My people's better king,
My arm ſhall beat his rivals down
And ſtill new ſubjects bring.

4. My truth ſhall guard him in his way
With mercy by his ſide,
While in my name thro' earth and ſea
He ſhall in triumph ride.

5. Me for his Father and his God
He ſhall for ever own,
Call me his Rock, his high Abode,
And I 'll ſupport my Son.

6. My firſt-born Son array'd in grace
At my right hand ſhall ſit,
Beneath him angels know their place,
And monarchs at his feet.

7. My cov'nant ſtands for ever faſt,
My promiſes are ſtrong,
Firm as the heav'ns his throne ſhall laſt,
His ſeed endure as long.

PSALM LXXXIX. ver. 30, &c. Fifth part.

The covenant of grace unchangeable, or, *Afflictions without rejection.*

Yet (ſaith the Lord) if David's race,
The children of my Son,
Should break my laws, abuſe my grace,
And tempt mine anger down,

2. Their ſins I 'll viſit with the rod,
And make their folly ſmart,
But I 'll not ceaſe to be their God,
Nor from my truth depart.
3. My cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
But keep my grace in mind,
And what eternal love hath ſpoke
Eternal truth ſhall bind.
4. Once have I ſworn, (I need no more)
And pledg'd my holineſs,
To ſeal the ſacred promiſe ſure
To David and his race.
5. The ſun ſhall ſee his offspring riſe,
And ſpread from ſea to ſea,
Long as he travels round the ſkies
To give the nations day.
6. Sure as the moon that rules the night
His kingdom ſhall endure,
Till the fix'd laws of ſhade and light
Shall be obſerv'd no more.

PSALM LXXXIX, ver. 47, &c. Sixth part. Loug Metre.

Mortality and hope.

A funeral Pſalm.

REMEMBER Lord our mortal ſtate,
How frail our life, how ſhort the date!
Where is the man that draws his breath
Safe from diſeaſe, ſecure from death?

2. Lord! while we ſee whole nations die
Our fleſh and ſenſe repine and cry,
"Muſt death for ever rage and reign?
"Or haſt thou made mankind in vain?

3. Where is thy promiſe to the juſt?
Are not thy ſervants turn'd to duſt?
But faith forbids theſe mournful ſighs,
And ſees the ſleeping duſt ariſe.

4. That glorious hour, that dreadful day,
Wipes the reproach of ſaints away,
And clears the honour of thy word:
Awake our ſouls and bleſs the Lord.

PSALM LXXXIX. ver, 47, &c. Laſt part.
As the 113th Pſalm.

Life, death, and the reſurrection.

THINK, mighty God! on feeble man
How few his hours, how ſhort his ſpan!
Short from the cradle to the grave:
Who can ſecure his vital breath
Againſt the bold demands of death,
With ſkill to fly or pow'r to ſave?

2. Lord! ſhall it be for ever ſaid
"The race of man was only made
"For ſickneſs, ſorrow, and the duſt?"
Are not thy ſervants day by day
Sent to their graves and turn'd to clay?
Lord! where's thy kindneſs to the juſt?

3. Hast thou not promis'd to thy Son
And all his seed a heav'nly crown?
But flesh and sense indulge despair:
For ever blessed be thy Lord
That faith can read his holy word,
And find a resurrection there.

4. For ever blessed be the Lord
Who gives his saints a long reward
For all their toil, reproach and pain:
Let all below and all above
Join to proclaim thy wondrous love,
And each repeat a loud Amen.

PSALM XC. Long Metre.

Man mortal and God eternal.

A mournful song at a funeral.

THRO' ev'ry age eternal God!
Thou art our rest our safe abode:
High was thy throne ere heav'n was made,
Or earth thy humble footstool laid.

2. Long hadst thou reign'd ere time began,
Or dust was fashion'd to a man,
And long thy kingdom shall endure
When earth and time shall be no more.

3. But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity;
Thy dreadful sentence Lord was just,
"Return ye sinners to your dust."

[4. A thouſand of our years amount
Scarce to a day in thine account;
Like yeſterday's departed light,
Or the laſt watch of ending night.

PAUSE.

5. Death like an overflowing ſtream
Sweeps us away; our life 's a dream,
An empty tale, a morning flow'r,
Cut down and wither'd in an hour.]

[6. Our age to ſeventy years is ſet;
How ſhort the term, how frail the ſtate!
And if to eighty we arrive
We rather ſigh and groan than live.

7. But O! how oft' thy wrath appears
And cuts off our expected years!
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread,
We fear the pow'r that ſtrikes us dead.]

8. Teach us O Lord! how frail is man,
And kindly lengthen out our ſpan
'Till a wiſe care of piety
Fit us to die and dwell with thee.

PSALM XC. ver. 1,—5. Firſt part. Com. Metre.

Man frail and God eternal.

Our God our help in ages paſt,
Our hope for years to come,
Our ſhelter from the ſtormy blaſt,
And our eternal home.

2. Under the ſhadow of thy throne
Thy ſaints have dwelt ſecure,
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is ſure.
3. Before the hills in order ſtood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlaſting thou art God,
To endleſs years the ſame.
4. Thy word commands our fleſh to duſt,
"Return ye ſons of men:"
All nations roſe from earth at firſt
And turn to earth again.
5. A thouſand ages in thy ſight
Are like an ev'ning gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the riſing ſun.
[6. The buſy tribes of fleſh and blood
With all their lives and cares
Are carry'd downwards by thy flood
And loſt in following years.
7. Time like an ever-rolling ſtream
Bears all its ſons away,
They fly forgotten as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.
8. Like flow'ry fields the nations ſtand
Pleas'd with the morning light,
The flow'rs beneath the mower's hand
Lie with'ring ere 't is night.]

9. Our God our help in ages paſt,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles laſt,
And our eternal home.

PSALM XC. ver. 8, 11, 9, 10, 11. Second part.
Common Metre.

Infirmities and mortality the effect of ſin, or, Life, old age, and preparation for death.

LORD! if thine eyes ſurvey our faults
And juſtice grows ſevere,
Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts
And burns beyond our fear.

2. Thine anger turns our frame to duſt;
By one offence to thee
Adam with all his ſons have loſt
Their immortality.

3. Life like a vain amuſement flies,
A fable or a ſong,
By ſwift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our joys be long.

4. 'Tis but a few whoſe days amount
To threeſcore years and ten,
And all beyond that ſhort account
Is ſorrow, toil, and pain.

[5. Our vitals with laborious ſtrife
Bear up the crazy load,
And drag thoſe poor remains of life
Along the tireſome road.]

6. Almighty God! reveal thy love,
And not thy wrath alone,
O let our ſweet experience prove
The mercies of thy throne.
7. Our ſouls would learn the heav'nly art
T' improve the hours we have,
That we may act the wiſer part
And live beyond the grave.

PSALM XC. ver. 13, &c. Third part. Com. Metre.

Breathing after heaven.

RETURN, O God of love, return;
Earth is a tireſome place:
How long ſhall we thy children mourn
Our abſence from thy face?
2. Let heav'n ſucceed our painful years,
Let ſin and ſorrow ceaſe,
And in proportion to our tears
So make our joys increaſe.
3. Thy wonders to thy ſervants ſhow,
Make thy own work complete,
Then ſhall our ſouls thy glory know
And own thy love was great.
4. Then ſhall we ſhine before thy throne
In all thy beauty Lord,
And the poor ſervice we have done
Meet a divine reward.

PSALM XC. ver. 5, 10, 12. Short Metre.

The frailty and ſhortneſs of life.

LORD! what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame?
Our life how poor a trifle 't is
That ſcarce deſerves the name!

2. Alas! the brittle clay
That built our body firſt!
And ev'ry month and ev'ry day
'Tis mould'ring back to duſt.

3. Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes ſtay;
Juſt like a flood our haſty days
Are ſweeping us away.

4. Well if our days muſt fly
We 'll keep their end in ſight,
We 'll ſpend them all in wiſdom's way
And let them ſpeed their flight.

5. They 'll waft us ſooner o'er
This life's tempeſtuous ſea;
Soon we ſhall reach the peaceful ſhore
Of bleſs'd eternity.

PSALM XCI. ver. 1,—7. Firſt part.

Safety in publick diſeaſes and dangers.

He that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a moſt ſecure abode,
Shall walk all day beneath his ſhade,
And there at night ſhall reſt his head.

2. Then will I ſay, "My God thy pow'r
"Shall be my fortreſs and my tow'r:
"I that am form'd of feeble duſt
"Make thine almighty arm my truſt."

3. Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's ſnare,
Satan the fowler who betrays
Unguarded ſouls a thouſand ways.

4. Juſt as a hen protects her brood
From birds of prey that ſeek their blood
Under her feathers, ſo the Lord
Makes his own arm his people's guard.

5. If burning beams of noon conſpire
To dart a peſtilential fire,
God is their life, his wings are ſpread
To ſhield them with an healthful ſhade.

6. If vapours with malignant breath
Riſe thick and ſcatter midnight death
Iſrael is ſafe; the poiſon'd air
Grows pure if Iſrael's God be there.

PAUSE.

7. What tho' a thouſand at thy ſide,
At thy right hand ten thouſand dy'd,
Thy God his choſen people ſaves
Amongſt the dead amidſt the graves.

8. So when he ſent his angel down
To make his wrath in Egypt known,
And ſlew their ſons, his careful eye
Paſs'd all the doors of Jacob by.

9. But if the fire, or plague, or ſword,
Receive commiſſion from the Lord
To ſtrike his ſaints among the reſt,
Their very pains and deaths are bleſt.

10. The ſword, the peſtilence, or fire,
Shall but fulfil their beſt deſire,
From ſins and ſorrows ſet them free,
And bring thy children Lord to thee †.

PSALM XCI. ver. 9,—16. Second part.

Protection from death, guard of angels, victory, and deliverance.

Ye ſons of men, a feeble race,
Expos'd to ev'ry ſnare,
Come, make the Lord your dwelling-place,
And try and truſt his care.

† See the Notes on the xliſt Pſalm.

2. No ill shall enter where you dwell,
Or if the plague come nigh,
And sweep the wicked down to hell,
'Twill raise his saints on high. 8

3. He 'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all your ways,
To watch your pillow while you sleep,
And guard your happy days. 12

4. Their hands shall bear you lest you fall
And dash against the stones:
Are they not servants at his call,
And sent t' attend his sons? 16

5. Adders and lions ye shall tread,
The tempter's wiles defeat;
He that hath broke the serpent's head
Puts him beneath your feet. 20

6. "Because on me they set their love
"I'll save them, (saith the Lord)
"I'll bear their joyful souls above
"Destruction and the sword. 24

7. "My grace shall answer when they call,
"In trouble I 'll be nigh,
"My pow'r shall help them when they fall,
"And raise them when they die. 28

8. "Those that on earth my name have known
"I'll honour them in heav'n;
"There my salvation shall be shown
"And endless life be giv'n." 32

PSALM XCII. Firſt part.

A Pſalm for the Lord's day.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praiſe thy name, give thanks, and ſing,
To ſhow thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2. Sweet is the day of ſacred reſt,
No mortal cares ſhall ſeize my breaſt,
O may my heart in tune be found
Like David's harp of ſolemn ſound!

3. My heart ſhall triumph in my Lord,
And bleſs his works, and bleſs his word:
Thy works of grace how bright they ſhine!
How deep thy counſels! how divine!

4. Fools never raiſe their thoughts ſo high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like graſs they flouriſh, till thy breath
Blaſt them in everlaſting death.

5. But I ſhall ſhare a glorious part
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And freſh ſupplies of joy are ſhed
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

6. Sin (my worſt enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes ſhall all be ſlain,
Nor Satan break my peace again;

7. Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desir'd or wish'd below,
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy *.

PSALM XCII. Ver. 12, &c. Second part.

The church is the garden of God.

Lord, 't is a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thine hand;
Let me within thy courts be seen
Like a young cedar fresh and green.
2. There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Bless'd with thine influence from above;
Not Lebanon with all its trees
Yields such a comely sight as these.
3. The plants of grace shall ever live;
(Nature decays but grace must thrive)
Time that doth all things else impair
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.
4. Laden with fruits of age, they shew
The Lord is holy, just, and true;
None that attend his gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

* Stanza vi. Rejoicing in the destruction of our personal enemies is not so evangelical a practice, therefore I have given the 11th verse of this Psalm another turn. See the Notes on the third Psalm.

PSALM XCIII. Firſt Metre, as the 100dth Pſalm.

The eternal and ſovereign God.

Jehovah reigns, he dwells in light,
Girded with majeſty and might;
The world created by his hands,
Still on its firſt foundation ſtands.

2. But ere this ſpacious world was made,
Or had its firſt foundations laid,
Thy throne eternal ages ſtood,
Thyſelf the ever living God.

3. Like floods the angry nations riſe
And aim their rage againſt the ſkies;
Vain floods that aim their rage ſo high!
At thy rebuke the billows die.

4. For ever ſhall thy throne endure,
Thy promiſe ſtands for ever ſure,
And everlaſting holineſs
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

PSALM XCIII. Second Metre, as the old 50th Pſalm.

The Lord of glory reigns, he reigns on high;
His robes of ſtate are ſtrength and majeſty:
This wide creation roſe at his command,
Built by his word and 'ſtabliſh'd by his hand;
Long ſtood his throne ere he began creation,
And his own Godhead is the firm foundation.

2. God is th' eternal King; thy foes in vain
Raise their rebellion to confound thy reign:
In vain the storms, in vain the floods, arise
And roar, and toss their waves against the skies;
Foaming at heav'n they rage with wild commotion,
But heav'n's high arches scorn the swelling ocean. 12

3. Ye tempests rage no more, ye floods be still,
And the mad world submissive to his will;
Built on his truth his church must ever stand,
Firm are his promises and strong his hand:
See his own sons when they appear before him
Bow at his footstool and with fear adore him. 18

PSALM XCIII. Third Metre, as the old 122d Psalm.

The Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crown'd;
Array'd in robes of light,
Begirt with sov'reign might,
And rays of majesty around. 6

2. Upheld by thy commands
The world securely stands,
And skies and stars obey thy word:
Thy throne was fix'd on high
Before the starry sky;
Eternal is thy kingdom Lord! 12

3. In vain the noiſy crowd,
Like billows fierce and loud,
Againſt thine empire rage and roar;
In vain with angry ſpite
The ſurly nations fight,
And daſh like waves againſt the ſhore. 18

4. Let floods and nations rage,
And all their pow'rs engage,
Let ſwelling tides aſſault the ſky,
The terrours of thy frown
Shall beat their madneſs down;
Thy throne for ever ſtands on high. 24

5. Thy promiſes are true,
Thy grace is ever new,
There fix'd thy church ſhall ne'er remove;
Thy ſaints with holy fear
Shall in thy courts appear
And ſing thine everlaſting love †. 30

PSALM XCIV. ver. 1, 2, 7,—14. Firſt part.

Saints chaſtiſed and ſinners deſtroyed, or, *Inſtructive afflictions.*

O God to whom revenge belongs,
Proclaim thy wrath aloud,
Let ſov'reign Pow'r redreſs our wrongs,
Let Juſtice ſmite the proud. 4

† Here let the fourth ſtanza be repeated to fulfil the tune.

2. They say "The Lord nor sees nor hears;"
When will the fools be wise?
Can he be deaf who form'd their ears?
Or blind who made their eyes? 8

3. He knows their impious thoughts are vain,
And they shall feel his pow'r,
His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain
In some surprising hour. 12

4. But if thy saints deserve rebuke
Thou hast a gentler rod,
Thy providences and thy book
Shall make them know their God. 16

5. Blest is the man thy hands chastise
And to his duty draw,
Thy scourges make thy children wise
When they forget thy law. 20

6. But God will ne'er cast off his saints
Nor his own promise break;
He pardons his inheritance
For their Redeemer's sake. 24

PSALM XCIV. ver. 16,—23. Second part.

God our support and comfort, or, *Deliverance from temptation and persecution.*

Who will arise and plead my right
Against my num'rous foes,
While earth and hell their force unite
And all my hopes oppose? 4

2. Had not the Lord, my rock, my help,
Sustain'd my fainting head,
My life had now in silence dwelt,
My soul amongst the dead.

3. Alas! my sliding feet, I cry'd,
Thy promise was my prop,
Thy grace stood constant by my side,
Thy Spirit bore me up.

4. While multitudes of mournful thoughts
Within my bosom roll,
Thy boundless love forgives my faults,
Thy comforts cheer my soul.

5. Pow'rs of iniquity may rise
And frame pernicious laws,
But God my refuge rules the skies,
He will defend my cause.

6. Let malice vent her rage aloud,
Let bold blasphemers scoff,
The Lord our God shall judge the proud
And cut the sinners off.

PSALM XCV. Common Metre.

A Psalm before prayer.

Sing to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme
Exalted be our voice.

2. With thanks approach his awful fight
And pfalms of honour fing,
The Lord 's a God of boundlefs might,
The whole creation's King.

3. Let princes hear let angels know
How mean their natures feem,
Thofe gods on high and gods below
When once compar'd with him.

4. Earth with its caverns dark and deep
Lies in his fpacious hand,
He fix'd the feas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills muft ftand.

5. Come and with humble fouls adore,
Come kneel before his face,
O may the creatures of his pow'r
Be children of his grace!

6. Now is the time; he bends his ear
And waits for your requeft;
Come, left he roufe his wrath and fwear
"Ye fhall not fee my reft *."

* Stanza iii. Angels and magiftrates are thofe אלהים *Elohim* or gods, above which the true God is fo often exalted in this book of Pfalms.

PSALM XCV. Short Metre.

A Pſalm before ſermon.

COME ſound his praiſe abroad,
And hymns of glory ſing,
Jehovah is the ſov'reign God,
The univerſal King.

2. He form'd the deeps unknown,
He gave the ſeas their bound,
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the ſolid ground.

3. Come worſhip at his throne,
Come bow before the Lord,
We are his works, and not our own,
He form'd us by his word.

4. To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod,
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

5. But if your ears refuſe
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard like ſtubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race,

6. The Lord in vengeance dreſt
Will lift his hand and ſwear,
"You that deſpiſe my promis'd reſt
"Shall have no portion there."

PSALM XCV. ver. 1, 2, 3, 6,—11. Long Metre.

Canaan loſt thro' unbelief, or, A warning to delaying ſinners.

Come let our voices join to raiſe
A ſacred ſong of ſolemn praiſe;
God is a ſov'reign King; rehearſe
His honours in exalted verſe.

2. Come let our ſouls addreſs the Lord
Who fram'd our natures with his word;
He is our Shepherd; we the ſheep
His mercy choſe, his paſtures keep.

3. Come let us hear his voice to-day,
The counſels of his love obey,
Nor let our harden'd hearts renew
The ſins and plagues that Iſrael knew.

4. Iſrael that ſaw his works of grace,
Yet tempt'd their Maker to his face,
A faithleſs unbelieving brood
That tir'd the patience of their God.

5. Thus ſaith the Lord, "How falſe they prove!
"Forget my pow'r, abuſe my love;
"Since they deſpiſe my reſt I ſwear
"Their feet ſhall never enter there."

[6. Look back my ſoul with holy dread
And view thoſe ancient rebels dead?
Attend the offer'd grace to-day,
Nor loſe the bleſſing by delay.

7. Seize the kind promise while it waits,
And march to Sion's heav'nly gates;
Believe and take the promis'd rest,
Obey and be for ever blest ‡.]

PSALM XCVI. ver. 1, 10, &c. Common Metre.

Christ's first and second coming.

SING to the Lord ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue,
His new discover'd grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2. Say to the nations Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son,
His pow'r the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

3. Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day,
Joy thro' the earth be seen,
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

4. Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea,
Ye mountains sink, ye vallies rise,
Prepare the Lord his way.

‡ In the iiid and ivth chapter to the Hebrews several verses of this Psalm are cited, and given for a caution to Christians: I have applied them the same way in the two last stanzas.

5. Behold he comes, he comes to bleſs
The nations as their God,
To ſhow the world his righteouſneſs,
And ſend his truth abroad.

6. But when his voice ſhall raiſe the dead
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread
To ſee their Judge appear †?

PSALM XCVI. as the 113th Pſalm.

The God of the Gentiles.

LET all the earth their voices raiſe
To ſing the choiceſt pſalm of praiſe,
To ſing and bleſs Jehovah's name;
His glory let the Heathens know,
His wonders to the nations ſhow,
And all his ſaving works proclaim.

† In this and the two following Pſalms the firſt coming of Chriſt into the world is repreſented in a prophetick ſtyle as though he were coming the ſecond time to the laſt judgment; but that Chriſt's incarnation, his ſetting up his goſpel kingdom to judge or rule the Gentiles, and the judgment and deſtruction of the Heathen idols, is the true deſign of theſe three Pſalms, is evident from ſeveral expreſſions in them, and particularly becauſe the earth, the fields, the ſea, &c. are called to rejoice; whereas the final judgment of the world is repreſented dreadful to all nature, and to the nations of the earth. See *Rev.* xvii. and xx. 11. and 2 *Pet.* iii. 7, 10.: yet ſince this laſt coming hath ſomething in it parallel to his firſt, I have in the different parts of the Pſalms referred to both.——Stanza iv.

2. The Heathens know thy glory Lord!
The wond'ring nations read thy word.
In Britain is Jehovah known:
Our worſhip ſhall no more be paid
To gods which mortal hands have made;
Our Maker is our God alone.

3. He fram'd the globe, he built the ſky,
He made the ſhining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there;
His beams are majeſty and light,
His beauties how divinely bright!
His temple how divinely fair!

4. Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth ſhall feel his ſaving pow'r,
And barb'rous nations fear his name!
Then ſhall the race of man confeſs
The beauty of his holineſs,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

PSALM XCVII. Ver. 1,—5. Firſt part.

Chriſt reigning in heaven and coming to judgment.

He reigns, the Lord the Saviour reigns!
Praiſe him in evangelick ſtrains;
Let the whole earth in ſongs rejoice,
And diſtant iſlands join their voice.

Mountains ſinking and vallies riſing, that is, pride humbled, and the humble raiſed, are preparations of Chriſt's kingdom, *Luke* iii. 4, 5.

2. Deep are his counſels and unknown,
But grace and truth ſupport his throne;
Tho' gloomy clouds his way ſurround
Juſtice is their eternal ground.

3. In robes of judgment lo he comes,
Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs!
Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the ſeas retire.

4. His enemies with ſore diſmay
Fly from the ſight and ſhun the day;
Then lift your heads ye ſaints on high,
And ſing, for your redemption 's nigh ‡.

PSALM XCVII. ver. 6,—9. Second part.

Chriſt's incarnation.

The Lord is come, the heav'ns proclaim
His birth, the nations learn his name;
An unknown ſtar directs the road
Of eaſtern ſages to their God.

2. All ye bright armies of the ſkies
Go worſhip where the Saviour lies;
Angels and kings before him bow,
Thoſe gods on high and gods below.

‡ Though the kingdom of Chriſt in the two firſt ſtanzas be matter of joy to all nations, yet his coming to judgment in the two laſt is joy only to the ſaints. As this Pſalm introduces Sion and Judah rejoicing, ver. 8. ſo Chriſt bids his apoſtles *lift up their heads*, &c. Luke xxi. 28.

3. Let idols totter to the ground
And their own worſhippers confound;
But Judah ſhout, but Sion ſing,
And earth confeſs her ſov'reign King †.

PSALM XCVII. Third part.
Grace and glory.

TH' Almighty reigns exalted high
O'er all the earth o'er all the ſky,
Tho' clouds and darkneſs veil his feet
His dwelling is the mercy-ſeat.

2. O ye that love his holy name
Hate ev'ry work of ſin and ſhame;
He guards the ſouls of all his friends,
And from the ſnares of hell defends.

3. Immortal light and joys unknown
Are for the ſaints in darkneſs ſown;
Thoſe glorious ſeeds ſhall ſpring and riſe,
And the bright harveſt bleſs our eyes.

4. Rejoice ye righteous, and record
The ſacred honours of the Lord;
None but the ſoul that feels his grace
Can triumph in his holineſs.

† This Pſalm foretels the incarnation of Chriſt; for the words of the 7th verſe, *worſhip him all ye gods*, are tranſlated, *Heb.* i. 6. *Let all the angels of God worſhip him.* By this divine hint I was directed to compoſe this hymn, and to introduce the ſtar that ſhone at his birth as a part of the proclamation of him in the heavens, ver. 6. See more, Notes on Pſal. xcv. common metre.

PSALM XCVII. ver. 1, 3, 5,—7, 11. Com. Metre.

Chriſt's incarnation, and the laſt judgment.

Ye iſlands of the northern ſea
Rejoice, the Saviour reigns,
His word like fire prepares his way
And mountains melt to plains.

2. His preſence ſinks the proudeſt hills,
And makes the vallies riſe,
The humble ſoul enjoys his ſmiles,
The haughty ſinner dies.

3. The heav'ns his rightful pow'r proclaim,
The idol gods around
Fill their own worſhippers with ſhame
And totter to the ground.

4. Adoring angels at his birth
Make the Redeemer known;
Thus ſhall he come to judge the earth,
And angels guard his throne.

5. His foes ſhall tremble at his ſight,
And hills and ſeas retire,
His children take their unknown flight,
And leave the world in fire.

6. The ſeeds of joy and glory ſown
For ſaints in darkneſs here
Shall riſe and ſpring in worlds unknown,
And a rich harveſt bear ‡.

‡ See the Notes on Pſalm xcvi.

PSALM XCVIII. Firſt part.

Praiſe for the goſpel.

To our almighty Maker God
New honours be addreſs'd,
His great ſalvation ſhines abroad
And makes the nations bleſs'd. 4

2. He ſpake the word to Abra'm firſt,
His truth fulfils the grace,
The Gentiles make his name their truſt,
And learn his righteouſneſs. 8

3. Let the whole earth his love proclaim
With all her diff'rent tongues,
And ſpread the honours of his name
In melody and ſongs ‡. 12

PSALM XCVIII. Second part.

The Meſſiah's coming and kingdom.

Joy to the world, the Lord is come,
Let earth receive her King,
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room
And heav'n and nature ſing. 4

‡ In theſe two hymns which I have formed out of the xcviiith Pſalm I have fully expreſſed what I eſteem to be the firſt and chief ſenſe of the Holy Scriptures both in this and the xcviith Pſalm, whoſe concluſions are both alike.

2. Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns,
Let men their ſongs employ,
While fields, and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the ſounding joy.

3. No more let ſins and ſorrows grow,
Nor thorns infeſt the ground,
He comes to make his bleſſings flow
Far as the curſe is found.

4. He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteouſneſs
And wonders of his love.

PSALM XCIX. Firſt part.

Chriſt's kingdom and majeſty.

The God Jehovah reigns,
Let all the nations fear,
Let ſinners tremble at his throne,
And ſaints be humble there.

2. Jeſus the Saviour reigns,
Let earth adore its Lord,
Bright cherubs his attendants ſtand,
Swift to fulfil his word.

3. In Sion is his throne,
His honours are divine,
His church ſhall make his wonders known,
For there his glories ſhine.

4. How holy is his name!
How terrible his praiſe!
Juſtice, and truth, and judgment, join
In all his works of grace ‡.

PSALM XCIX. Second part.

A holy God worſhipped with reverence.

EXALT the Lord our God,
And worſhip at his feet;
His nature is all holineſs,
And mercy is his ſeat.

2. When Iſrael was his church,
When Aaron was his prieſt,
When Moſes cry'd, when Samuel pray'd,
He gave his people reſt.

3. Oft' he forgave their ſins,
Nor would deſtroy their race,
And oft' he made his vengeance known
When they abus'd his grace.

4. Exalt the Lord our God,
Whoſe grace is ſtill the ſame;
Still he 's a God of holineſs,
And jealous for his name.

‡ As the three foregoing Pſalms refer to the incarnation of Chriſt, and the ſetting up his kingdom among the Gentiles, becauſe the nations are required to rejoice in all of them, ſo this Pſalm ſeems chiefly to pay honour and reverence to God, as the God of the Jews, God dwelling in the ark between the cherubim, for "the people or Gentiles are bid to tremble;" yet I have ventured to tranſlate the ſcene a little down to Chriſtian times and churches, and I hope without offence.

PSALM C. First Metre. A plain translation.

Praise to our Creator.

Ye nations round the earth rejoice
Before the Lord your sov'reign King:
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2. The Lord is God, 't is he alone
Doth life and breath and being give;
We are his work and not our own,
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3. Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair,
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honours there.

4. The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure,
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

PSALM C. Second Metre. A paraphrase.

Sing to the Lord with joyful voice;
Let ev'ry land his name adore;
The British isles shall send the noise
Across the ocean to the shore.

2. Nations attend before his throne
With solemn fear, with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create and he destroy.

3. His ſov'reign pow'r without our aid
Made us of clay and form'd us men,
And when like wand'ring ſheep we ſtray'd
He brought us to his fold again.
4. We are his people, we his care,
Our ſouls and all our mortal frame:
What laſting honours ſhall we rear,
Almighty Maker! to thy name?
5. We'll crowd thy gates with thankful ſongs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raiſe,
And earth with her ten thouſand tongues
Shall fill thy courts with ſounding praiſe.
6. Wide as the world is thy command,
Vaſt as eternity thy love,
Firm as a rock thy truth muſt ſtand
When rolling years ſhall ceaſe to move.

PSALM C. Long Metre.

The magiſtrates' Pſalm.

MERCY and judgment are my ſong;
And ſince they both to thee belong,
My gracious God, my righteous King,
To thee my ſongs and vows I bring.
2. If I am rais'd to bear the ſword.
I'll take my counſels from thy word;
Thy juſtice and thy heav'nly grace
Shall be the pattern of my ways.

3. Let wiſdom all my actions guide,
And let my God with me reſide;
No wicked thing ſhall dwell with me
Which may provoke thy jealouſy.

4. No ſons of ſlander, rage, and ſtrife,
Shall be companions of my life;
The haughty look, the heart of pride,
Within my doors ſhall ne'er abide.

[5. I'll ſearch the land, and raiſe the juſt
To poſts of honour, wealth, and truſt;
The men that work thy holy will
Shall be my friends and fav'rites ſtill.]

6. In vain ſhall ſinners hope to riſe
By flatt'ring or malicious lies,
And while the innocent I guard
The bold offender ſha' n't be ſpar'd.

7. The impious crew (that factious band)
Shall hide their heads or quit the land,
And all that break the publick reſt
Where I have pow'r ſhall be ſuppreſt ‡.

‡ The firſt ſtanza repreſents the mercy and judgment which the Pſalmiſt ſings as the due qualities of good government, which is the proper ſenſe of them in this Pſalm; and according to the double character of David in this Pſalm I have applied the firſt metre to magiſtrates, the ſecond to houſeholders.—The fifth ſtanza can be ſung only by the ſuperiour rank of magiſtrates, and not the inferiour.

PSALM CI. Common Metre.

A Pſalm for a maſter of a family.

Of juſtice and of grace I ſing,
And pay my God my vows;
Thy grace and juſtice heav'nly King
Teach me to rule my houſe.
2. Now to my tent, O God! repair,
And make thy ſervant wiſe,
I 'll ſuffer nothing near me there
That ſhall offend thine eyes.
3. The man that doth his neighbour wrong
By falſehood or by force,
The ſcornful eye, the ſland'rous tongue,
I 'll thruſt them from my doors.
4. I 'll ſeek the faithful and the juſt,
And will their help enjoy:
Theſe are the friends that I ſhall truſt,
The ſervants I 'll employ.
5. The wretch that deals in ſly deceit
I 'll not endure a night;
The liar's tongue I ever hate
And baniſh from my ſight.
6. I 'll purge my family around
And make the wicked flee,
So ſhall my houſe be ever found
A dwelling fit for thee.

PSALM CII. ver. 1,—13, 20, 21. Firſt part.

A prayer of the afflicted.

HEAR me O God! nor hide thy face,
But anſwer leſt I die;
Haſt thou not built a throne of grace
To hear when ſinners cry?

2. My days are waſted like the ſmoke
Diſſolving in the air,
My ſtrength is dry'd, my heart is broke,
And ſinking in deſpair.

3. My ſpirits flag like with'ring graſs
Burnt with exceſſive heat,
In ſecret groans my minutes paſs
And I forget to eat.

4. As on ſome lonely building's top
The ſparrow tells her moan,
Far from the tents of joy and hope
I ſit and grieve alone.

5. My ſoul is like a wilderneſs
Where beaſts of midnight howl,
There the ſad raven finds her place,
And there the ſcreaming owl.

6. Dark diſmal thoughts and boding fears
Dwell in my troubled breaſt,
While ſharp reproaches wound my ears,
Nor give my ſpirit reſt.

7. My cup is mingled with my woes,
And tears are my repaſt,
My daily bread like aſhes grows
Unpleaſant to my taſte.

8. Senſe can afford no real joy
To ſouls that feel thy frown;
Lord! 't was thy hand advanc'd me high,
Thy hand hath caſt me down.

9. My looks like wither'd leaves appear,
And life's declining light
Grows faint as ev'ning ſhadows are
That vaniſh into night.

10. But thou for ever art the ſame,
O my eternal God!
Ages to come ſhall know thy name
And ſpread thy works abroad.

11. Thou wilt ariſe and ſhow thy face,
Nor will my Lord delay
Beyond th' appointed hour of grace,
That long expected day.

12. He hears his ſaints, he knows their cry,
And by myſterious ways
Redeems the pris'ners doom'd to die,
And fills their tongues with praiſe.

PSALM CII. ver. 13,—21. Second part.

Prayer heard, and Sion reſtored.

LET Sion and her ſons rejoice,
Behold the promis'd hour!
Her God hath heard her mourning voice
And comes t' exalt his pow'r.
2. Her duſt and ruins that remain
Are precious in our eyes;
Thoſe ruins ſhall be built again
And all that duſt ſhall riſe.
3. The Lord will raiſe Jeruſalem,
And ſtand in glory there;
Nations ſhall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.
4. He ſits a Sov'reign on his throne
With pity in his eyes,
He hears the dying priſ'ners' groan,
And ſees their ſighs ariſe.
5. He frees the ſouls condemn'd to death,
And when his ſaints complain,
It ſha' n't be ſaid "That praying breath
"Was ever ſpent in vain."
6. This ſhall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And truſt and praiſe the Lord.

PSALM CII. ver. 23,—28. Third part.

Man's mortality and Chriſt's eternity, or, Saints die, but Chriſt and the church live.

IT is the Lord our Saviour's hand
Weakens our ſtrength amidſt the race;
Diſeaſe and death at his command
Arreſt us and cut ſhort our days.

2. Spare us, O Lord! aloud we pray,
Nor let our ſun go down at noon;
Thy years are one eternal day,
And muſt thy children die ſo ſoon?

3. Yet in the midſt of death and grief
This thought our ſorrow ſhould aſſuage;
"Our Father and our Saviour live:
"Chriſt is the ſame thro' ev'ry age."

4. 'Twas he this earth's foundations laid;
Heav'n is the building of his hand:
This earth grows old, theſe heav'ns ſhall fade,
And all be chang'd at his command.

5. The ſtarry curtains of the ſky
Like garments ſhall be laid aſide,
But ſtill thy throne ſtands firm and high,
Thy church for ever muſt abide.

6. Before thy face thy church ſhall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign;
This dying world ſhall they ſurvive,
And the dead ſaints be rais'd again ‡. 24

PSALM CIII. ver. 1,—7. Firſt part. Long Metre.

Bleſſing God for his goodneſs to ſoul and body.

Bless O my ſoul the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad,
Let all the pow'rs within me join
In work and worſhip ſo divine. 4
2. Bleſs O my ſoul the God of grace,
His favours claim thy higheſt praiſe:
Why ſhould the wonders he hath wrought
Be loſt in ſilence and forgot? 8
3. 'Tis he my ſoul that ſent his Son
To die for crimes which thou haſt done:
He owns the ranſom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives. 12
4. The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels,
Redeems the ſoul from hell, and ſaves
Our waſting life from threat'ning graves. 16

‡ Several verſes at the end of this Pſalm are directly expounded concerning Chriſt, *Heb.* i. which inclined me to form a diſtinct hymn on thoſe verſes applied to the ſame ſubject.

5. Our youth decay'd his pow'r repairs,
His mercy crowns our growing years,
He ſatisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our hopes with heav'nly food.

6. He ſees th' oppreſſor and th' oppreſt,
And often gives the ſuff'rers reſt,
But will his juſtice more diſplay
In the laſt great rewarding day.

[7. His pow'r he ſhew'd by Moſes' hands,
And gave to Iſrael his commands,
But ſent his truth and mercy down
To all the nations by his Son.

8. Let the whole earth his pow'r confeſs,
Let the whole earth adore his grace;
The Gentile with the Jew ſhall join
In work and worſhip ſo divine.]

PSALM CIII. ver. 8,—18. Second part.
Long Metre.

God's gentle chaſtiſement, or, His tender mercy to his people.

The Lord, how wondrous are his ways!
How firm his truth! how large his grace!
He takes his mercy for his throne,
And thence he makes his glories known.

2. Not half ſo high his pow'r hath ſpread
The ſtarry heav'ns above our head
As his rich love exceeds our praiſe,
Exceeds the higheſt hopes we raiſe.

3. Not half ſo high hath nature plac'd
The riſing morning from the weſt
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of thoſe he loves.
4. How ſlowly doth his wrath ariſe!
On ſwifter wings ſalvation flies,
And if he lets his anger burn
How ſoon his frowns to pity turn!
5. Amidſt his wrath compaſſion ſhines,
His ſtrokes are lighter than our ſins,
And while his rod corrects his ſaints
His ear indulges their complaints.
6. So fathers their young ſons chaſtiſe
With gentle hand and melting eyes;
The children weep beneath the ſmart,
And move the pity of their heart.

PAUSE.

7. The mighty God, the wiſe and juſt,
Knows that our frame is feeble duſt,
And will no heavy loads impoſe
Beyond the ſtrength that he beſtows.
8. He knows how ſoon our nature dies
Blaſted by ev'ry wind that flies;
Like graſs we ſpring and die as ſoon,
Or morning flow'rs that fade at noon.
9. But his eternal love is ſure
To all the ſaints, and ſhall endure;
From age to age his truth ſhall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

PSALM CIII. ver. 1,—7. Firſt part. Short Metre.

Praiſe for ſpiritual and temporal mercies.

O Bleſs the Lord, my ſoul!
Let all within me join
And aid my tongue to bleſs his name
Whoſe favours are divine.

2. O bleſs the Lord, my ſoul!
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulneſs,
And without praiſes die.

3. 'Tis he forgives thy ſins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he that heals thy ſickneſſes
And makes thee young again.

4. He crowns thy life with love
When ranſom'd from the grave:
He that redeem'd my ſoul from hell
Hath ſov'reign pow'r to ſave.

5. He fills the poor with good,
He gives the ſuff'rers reſt:
The Lord hath judgments for the proud
And juſtice for th' oppreſt.

6. His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moſes known,
But ſent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

PSALM CIII. ver. 8,—18. Second part. Short Metre.

Abounding compaſſion of God, or, *Mercy in the midſt of judgment.*

My ſoul! repeat his praiſe,
Whoſe mercies are ſo great,
Whoſe anger is ſo ſlow to riſe,
So ready to abate.

2. God will not always chide,
And when his ſtrokes are felt,
His ſtrokes are fewer than our crimes
And lighter than our guilt.

3. High as the heav'ns are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our higheſt thoughts exceed.

4. His pow'r ſubdues our ſins,
And his forgiving love
Far as the eaſt is from the weſt
Doth all our guilt remove.

5. The pity of the Lord
To thoſe that fear his name
Is ſuch as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

6. He knows we are but duſt
Scatter'd with ev'ry breath;
His anger like a riſing wind
Can ſend us ſwift to death.

7. Our days are as the graſs,
Or like the morning flow'r;
If one ſharp blaſt ſweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour. 28

8. But thy compaſſions Lord
To endleſs years endure,
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promiſe ſure. 32

PSALM CIII. ver. 19,—22. Third part. Short Metre.

God's univerſal dominion, or, *Angels praiſe the Lord.*

THE Lord, the ſov'reign King,
Hath fix'd his throne on high,
O'er all the heav'nly world he rules
And all beneath the ſky. 4

2. Ye angels great in might,
And ſwift to do his will,
Bleſs ye the Lord whoſe voice ye hear,
Whoſe pleaſure ye fulfil. 8

3. Let the bright hoſts who wait
The orders of their King,
And guard his churches, when they pray
Join in the praiſe they ſing. 12

4. While all his wondrous works
Thro' his vaſt kingdom ſhew
Their Maker's glory, thou my ſoul
Shalt ſing his graces too. 16

PSALM CIV.

The glory of God in creation and providence †.

My ſoul! thy great Creator praiſe;
When cloth'd in his celeſtial rays
He in full majeſty appears,
And like a robe his glory wears.

2. The heav'ns are for his curtains ſpread,
Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed,
Clouds are his chariot when he flies
On winged ſtorms acroſs the ſkies.

3. Angels, whom his own breath inſpires,
His miniſters, are flaming fires,
And ſwift as thought their armies move
To bear his vengeance or his love.

4. The world's foundations by his hand
Are pois'd, and ſhall for ever ſtand;
He binds the ocean in his chain
Leſt it ſhould drown the earth again.

5. When earth was cover'd with the flood,
Which high above the mountains ſtood,
He thunder'd, and the ocean fled,
Confin'd to its appointed bed.

† This Pſalm may be ſung to the tune of the old cxiith or cxxviith Pſalm, by adding theſe two lines to every ſtanza, namely,

Great is the Lord; what tongue can frame
An equal honour to his name?

Otherwiſe it muſt be ſung as the cdth Pſalm.

6. The ſwelling billows know their bound,
And in their channels walk their round,
Yet thence convey'd by ſecret veins
They ſpring on hills and drench the plains.

7. He bids the cryſtal fountains flow,
And cheer the vallies as they go;
Tame heifers there their thirſt allay,
And for the ſtream wild aſſes bray.

8. From pleaſant trees which ſhade the brink
The lark and linnet 'light to drink;
Their ſongs the lark and linnet raiſe,
And chide our ſilence in his praiſe.

PAUSE THE FIRST.

9. God from his cloudy ciſtern pours
On the parch'd earth enriching ſhow'rs;
The grove, the garden, and the field,
A thouſand joyful bleſſings yield.

10. He makes the graſſy food ariſe,
And gives the cattle large ſupplies,
With herbs for man of various pow'r
To nouriſh nature or to cure.

11. What noble fruit the vines produce!
The olive yields a ſhining juice;
Our hearts are cheer'd with gen'rous wine,
With inward joy our faces ſhine.

12. O bleſs his name, ye Britons! fed
With nature's chief ſupporter bread:
While bread your vital ſtrength imparts
Serve him with vigour in your hearts.

PAUSE THE SECOND.

13. Behold the ſtately cedar ſtands
Rais'd in the foreſt by his hands,
Birds to the boughs for ſhelter fly,
And build their neſts ſecure on high.

14. To craggy hills aſcends the goat,
And at the airy mountain's foot
The feebler creatures make their cell;
He gives them wiſdom where to dwell.

15. He ſets the ſun his circling race,
Appoints the moon to change her face,
And when thick darkneſs veils the day
Calls out wild beaſts to hunt their prey.

16. Fierce lions lead their young abroad,
And roaring aſk their meat from God,
But when the morning beams ariſe
The ſavage beaſt to covert flies.

17. Then man to daily labour goes;
The night was made for his repoſe:
Sleep is thy gift, that ſweet relief
From tireſome toil and waſting grief.

18. How ſtrange thy works! how great thy ſkill!
And ev'ry land thy riches fill;
Thy wiſdom round the world we ſee;
This ſpacious earth is full of thee.

19. Nor leſs thy glories in the deep,
Where fiſh in millions ſwim and creep,
With wondrous motions ſwift or ſlow
Still wand'ring in the paths below.

20. There ſhips divide their wat'ry way,
And flocks of ſcaly monſters play,
There dwells the huge leviathan,
And foams and ſports in ſpite of man.

PAUSE THE THIRD.

21. Vaſt are thy works, almighty Lord!
All nature reſts upon thy word,
And the whole race of creatures ſtands
Waiting their portion from thy hands.

22. While each receives his diff'rent food
Their cheerful looks pronounce it good:
Eagles and bears, and whales and worms,
Rejoice and praiſe in diff'rent forms.

23. But when thy face is hid they mourn,
And dying to their duſt return;
Both man and beaſt their ſouls reſign;
Life, breath, and ſpirit, all are thine.

24. Yet thou canſt breathe on duſt again,
And fill the world with beaſts and men;
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the waſtes of time and death.

25. His works, the wonders of his might,
Are honour'd with his own delight:
How awful are his glorious ways!
The Lord is dreadful in his praiſe.

26. The earth ſtands trembling at thy ſtroke,
And at thy touch the mountains ſmoke,
Yet humble ſouls may ſee thy face,
And tell their wants to ſov'reign grace.

27. In thee my hopes and wiſhes meet,
And make my meditations ſweet;
Thy praiſes ſhall my breath employ
Till it expire in endleſs joy.

28. While haughty ſinners die accurſt,
Their glory bury'd with their duſt,
I to my God, my heav'nly King,
Immortal hallelujahs ſing †.

PSALM CV. Abridged.

God's conduct of Iſrael, and the plagues of Egypt.

Give thanks to God, invoke his name,
And tell the world his grace,
Sound thro' the earth his deeds of fame
That all may ſeek his face.

2. His cov'nant which he kept in mind
For num'rous ages paſt
To num'rous ages yet behind
In equal force ſhall laſt.

† Several lines in this Pſalm I have borrowed of Sir John Denham. If I have made the connexion more evident, and the ſenſe more eaſy and uſeful to an ordinary reader, I have attained my end, and leave others to judge whether I have diſhonoured his verſe or improved it.—Stanza v. Though I am perſuaded the Pſalmiſt ſpeaks here of the firſt formation of the ſea and mountains, when the waters of the chaos were ſeparated from the earth, yet the people more eaſily underſtand it of Noah's flood, and therefore I have indulged ſuch a paraphraſe as is capable of both ſenſes.

3. He ſware to Abra'm and his ſeed,
And made the bleſſing ſure,
Gentiles the ancient promiſe read,
And find his truth endure.
4. " Thy ſeed ſhall make all nations bleſt,"
(Said the almighty voice)
" And Canaan's land ſhall be their reſt,
" The type of heav'nly joys."
[5. How large the grant! how rich the grace!
To give them Canaan's land,
When they were ſtrangers in the place,
A little feeble band!
6. Like pilgrims thro' the countries round
Securely they remov'd,
And haughty kings that on them frown'd
Severely he reprov'd.
7. " Touch mine anointed, and my arm
" Shall ſoon revenge the wrong;
" The man that does my prophets harm
" Shall know their God is ſtrong."
8. Then let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear;
Iſrael muſt live thro' ev'ry age
And be th' Almighty's care.]

PAUSE THE FIRST.

9. When Pharaoh dar'd to vex the ſaints,
And thus provok'd their God,
Moſes was ſent at their complaints,
Arm'd with his dreadful rod.

10. He call'd for darkneſs; darkneſs came
Like an o'erwhelming flood:
He turn'd each lake and ev'ry ſtream
To lakes and ſtreams of blood.

11. He gave the ſign, and noiſome flies
Thro' the whole country ſpread,
And frogs in croaking armies riſe
About the monarch's bed.

12. Thro' fields, and towns, and palaces,
The tenfold vengeance flew,
Locuſts in ſwarms devour'd their trees,
And hail their cattle ſlew.

13. Then by an angel's midnight ſtroke
The flow'r of Egypt dy'd,
The ſtrength of ev'ry houſe was broke,
Their glory and their pride.

14. Now let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear;
Iſrael muſt live thro' ev'ry age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

PAUSE THE SECOND.

15. Thus were the tribes from bondage brought
And left the hated ground;
Each ſome Egyptian's ſpoils had got,
And not one feeble found.

16. The Lord himſelf choſe out their way
And mark'd their journies right,
Gave them a leading cloud by day,
A fiery guide by night.

17. They thirſt, and waters from the rock
In rich abundance flow,
And following ſtill the courſe they took
Ran all the deſert thro'.

18. O wondrous ſtream! O bleſſed type
Of everflowing grace!
So Chriſt our Rock maintains our life
Thro' all this wilderneſs.

19. Thus guarded by th' Almighty hand
The choſen tribes poſſeſt
Canaan the rich, the promis'd land,
And there enjoy'd their reſt.

20. Then let the world forbear its rage,
The church renounce her fear,
Iſrael muſt live thro' ev'ry age
And be th' Almighty's care.

PSALM CVI. ver. 1,—5. Firſt part.

Praiſe to God, or, Communion with ſaints.

To God the great, the ever bleſs'd,
Let ſongs of honour be addreſs'd,
His mercy firm for ever ſtands,
Give him the thanks his love demands.

2. Who knows the wonders of thy ways?
Who ſhall fulfil thy boundleſs praiſe?
Bleſt are the ſouls that fear thee ſtill
And pay their duty to thy will.

3. Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, thy choſen ſeed,
And with the ſame ſalvation bleſs
The meaneſt ſuppliant of thy grace.
4. O may I ſee thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice!
This is my glory, Lord! to be
Join'd to thy ſaints and near to thee.

PSALM CVI. ver. 7, 8, 12,—14, 43,—48.
Second part.

Iſrael puniſhed and pardoned, or, *God's unchangeable love.*

God of eternal love
How fickle are our ways!
And yet how oft' did Iſrael prove
Thy conſtancy of grace!
2. They ſaw thy wonders wrought,
And then thy praiſe they ſung,
But ſoon thy works of pow'r forgot
And murmur'd with their tongue.
3. Now they believe his word
While rocks with rivers flow,
Now with their luſts provoke the Lord
And he reduc'd them low.
4. Yet when they mourn'd their faults
He hearken'd to their groans,
Brought his own cov'nant to his thoughts
And call'd them ſtill his ſons.

5. Their names were in his book,
He ſav'd them from their foes;
Oft he chaſtis'd but ne'er forſook
The people that he choſe.

6. Let Iſrael bleſs the Lord
Who lov'd their ancient race,
And Chriſtians join the ſolemn word
Amen to all the praiſe †.

PSALM CVII. Firſt part.

Iſrael led to Canaan and Chriſtians to heaven.

GIVE thanks to God, he reigns above;
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love;
His mercy ages paſt have known,
And ages long to come ſhall own.

2. Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record,
Iſrael the nation whom he choſe,
And reſcu'd from their mighty foes.

[3. When God's almighty arm had broke
Their fetters and th' Egyptian yoke,
They trac'd the deſert, wand'ring round
A wild and ſolitary ground.

† The chief deſign of this whole Pſalm I have expreſſed in the title, and abridged it in this form, having enlarged much more on this ſame ſubject in the lxxviith, lxxviiith, and cvth Pſalms.—Though the Jews now ſeem to be caſt off, yet the apoſtle Paul aſſures us that God *hath not caſt away his people whom he foreknew*, Rom. xi. 2. Their unbelief and abſence from God is but for a ſeaſon, for they ſhall be recalled again, ver. 25, 26.

4. There they could find no leading road
Nor city for a fix'd abode,
Nor food nor fountain to aſſuage
Their burning thirſt or hunger's rage.]
5. In their diſtreſs to God they cry'd,
God was their ſaviour and their guide,
He led their march far wand'ring round,
'Twas the right path to Canaan's ground.
6. Thus when our firſt releaſe we gain
From ſin's old yoke and Satan's chain
We have this deſert world to paſs,
A dang'rous and a tireſome place!
7. He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footſteps leſt we ſtray,
He guards us with a pow'rful hand,
And brings us to the heav'nly land.
8. O let the ſaints with joy record
The truth and goodneſs of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praiſe.

PSALM CVII. Second part.

Correction for ſin and releaſe by prayer.

From age to age exalt his name,
God and his grace are ſtill the ſame,
He fills the hungry ſoul with food,
And feeds the poor with ev'ry good.

2. But if their hearts rebel and riſe
Againſt the God that rules the ſkies,
If they reject his heav'nly word,
And ſlight the counſels of the Lord, 8
3. He 'll bring their ſpirits to the ground,
And no deliv'rer ſhall be found;
Laden with grief they waſte their breath
In darkneſs and the ſhades of death. 12
4. Then to the Lord they raiſe their cries,
He makes the dawning light ariſe,
And ſcatters all that diſmal ſhade
That hung ſo heavy round their head. 16
5. He cuts the bars of braſs in two
And lets the ſmiling priſ'ners thro',
Takes off the load of guilt and grief,
And gives the lab'ring ſoul relief. 20
6. O may the ſons of men record
The wondrous goodneſs of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praiſe. 24

PSALM CVII. Third part.

Intemperance puniſhed and pardoned, or, *A Pſalm for the glutton and the drunkard.*

VAIN man, on fooliſh pleaſures bent,
Prepares for his own puniſhment;
What pains, what loathſome maladies,
From luxury and luſt ariſe! 4

2. The drunkard feels his vitals waste,
Yet drowns his health to please his taste,
Till all his active pow'rs are lost,
And fainting life draws near the dust.

3. The glutton groans and loathes to eat,
His soul abhors delicious meat;
Nature with heavy loads oppress'd
Would yield to death to be releas'd.

4. Then how the frighted sinners fly
To God for help with earnest cry!
He hears their groans, prolongs their breath,
And saves them from approaching death.

5. No med'cines could effect the cure
So quick, so easy, or so sure:
The deadly sentence God repeals;
He sends his sov'reign word and heals.

6. O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
And let their thankful off'rings prove
How they adore their Maker's love.

PSALM CVII. Fourth part. Long Metre.

Deliverance from storms and shipwreck, or, *The seaman's song.*

Would you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad,
Go with the mariners, and trace
The unknown regions of the seas.

2. They leave their native ſhores behind,
And ſeize the favour of the wind,
Till God command and tempeſts riſe
That heave the ocean to the ſkies.

3. Now to the heav'ns they mount amain,
Now ſink to dreadful deeps again;
What ſtrange affrights young ſailors feel,
And like a ſtagg'ring drunkard reel!

4. When land is far and death is nigh,
Loſt to all hope to God they cry,
His mercy hears the loud addreſs
And ſends ſalvation in diſtreſs.

5. He bids the winds their wrath aſſuage,
The furious waves forget their rage;
'Tis calm, and ſailors ſmile to ſee
The haven where they wiſh'd to be.

6. O may the ſons of men record
The wondrous goodneſs of the Lord!
Let them their private off'rings bring,
And in the church his glory ſing.

PSALM CVII. Fourth part. Common Metre.

The mariner's Pſalm.

THY works of glory, mighty Lord!
Thy wonders in the deeps,
The ſons of courage ſhall record
Who trade in floating ſhips.

2. At thy command the winds ariſe
And ſwell the tow'ring waves,
The men aſtoniſh'd mount the ſkies
And ſink in gaping graves.

[3. Again they climb the wat'ry hills
And plunge in deeps again,
Each like a tott'ring drunkard reels
And finds his courage vain.

4. Frighted to hear the tempeſt roar
They pant with flutt'ring breath,
And hopeleſs of the diſtant ſhore
Expect immediate death.]

5. Then to the Lord they raiſe their cries,
He hears the loud requeſt,
And orders ſilence thro' the ſkies,
And lays the floods to reſt.

6. Sailors rejoice to loſe their fears
And ſee the ſtorm allay'd,
Now to their eyes the port appears,
There let their vows be paid.

7. 'Tis God that brings them ſafe to land;
Let ſtupid mortals know
That waves are under his command
And all the winds that blow.

8. O that the ſons of men would praiſe
The goodneſs of the Lord!
And thoſe that ſee thy wondrous ways
Thy wondrous love record.

PSALM CVII. Laſt part.

Colonies planted, or, *Nations bleſſed and puniſhed.*

A Pſalm for New England.

When God, provok'd with daring crimes,
Scourges the madneſs of the times,
He turns their fields to barren ſand,
And dries the rivers from the land.

2. His word can raiſe the ſprings again
And make the wither'd mountains green,
Send ſhow'ry bleſſings from the ſkies,
And harveſts in the deſert riſe.

[3. Where nothing dwelt but beaſts of prey,
Or men as fierce and wild as they,
He bids th' oppreſs'd and poor repair,
And builds them towns and cities there.

4. They ſow the fields, and trees they plant,
Whoſe yearly fruit ſupplies their want;
Their race grows up from fruitful ſtocks,
Their wealth increaſes with their flocks.

5. Thus they are bleſs'd; but if they ſin
He lets the Heathen nations in;
A ſavage crew invades their lands,
Their princes die by barb'rous hands.

6. Their captive ſons expos'd to ſcorn
Wander unpity'd and forlorn;
The country lies unfenc'd, untill'd,
And deſolation ſpreads the field.

7. Yet if the humbled nation mourns
Again his dreadful hand he turns,
Again he makes their cities thrive,
And bids the dying churches live.]

8. The righteous with a joyful ſenſe
Admire the works of Providence,
And tongues of Atheiſts ſhall no more
Blaſpheme the God that ſaints adore.

9. How few with pious care record
Theſe wondrous dealings of the Lord!
But wiſe obſervers ſtill ſhall find
The Lord is holy, juſt, and kind †.

PSALM CIX. ver. 1,—5, 31.

Love to enemies from the example of Chriſt.

God of my mercy and my praiſe
Thy glory is my ſong,
Tho' ſinners ſpeak againſt thy grace
With a blaſpheming tongue.

2. When in the form of mortal man
Thy Son on earth was found,
With cruel ſlanders falſe and vain
They compaſs'd him around.

† If this hymn be too long to ſing at once, the two firſt and two laſt ſtanzas of it may be ſung together, and the five middle ſtanzas by themſelves, as another hymn, for I could not find any other convenient diviſion of it.——The cviiith Pſalm is formed out of the lviith and lxth, therefore I have omitted it.

3. Their mis'ries his compaſſion move,
Their peace he ſtill purſu'd,
They render hatred for his love
And evil for his good.

4. Their malice rag'd without a cauſe,
Yet with his dying breath
He pray'd for murd'rers on his croſs,
And bleſs'd his foes in death.

5. Lord! ſhall thy bright example ſhine
In vain before my eyes?
Give me a ſoul a-kin to thine
To love my enemies.

6. The Lord ſhall on my ſide engage,
And in my Saviour's name
I ſhall defeat their pride and rage
Who ſlander and condemn †.

PSALM CX. Firſt part. Long Metre.

Chriſt exalted, and multitudes converted, or, *The ſucceſs of the goſpel.*

THUS the eternal Father ſpake
To Chriſt the Son; "Aſcend and ſit
"At my right hand till I ſhall make
"Thy foes ſubmiſſive at thy feet.

† That this Pſalm foretels the ſufferings, the patience, and love, of Chriſt to enemies, is univerſally agreed; but the curſes on Judas and the prieſts, &c. I have choſen to leave where they ſtand in the ſacred language of prophecy.

2. " From Sion ſhall thy word proceed,
" Thy word, the ſceptre in thy hand,
" Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
" And bow their wills to thy command.

3. " That day ſhall ſhow thy pow'r is great
" When ſaints ſhall flock with willing minds,
" And ſinners crowd thy temple gate,
" Where holineſs in beauty ſhines."

4. O bleſſed pow'r! O glorious day!
What a large vict'ry ſhall enſue!
And converts who thy grace obey
Exceed the drops of morning dew ‡.

PSALM CX. Second part. Long Metre.

The kingdom and prieſthood of Chriſt.

THUS the great Lord of earth and ſea
Spake to his Son, and thus he ſwore,
" Eternal ſhall thy prieſthood be,
" And change from hand to hand no more.

2. " Aaron and all his ſons muſt die,
" But everlaſting life is thine,
" To ſave for ever thoſe that fly
" For refuge from the wrath divine.

‡ Stanza iii, iv. It is generally ſuppoſed the 3d verſe of this Pſalm deſcribes the numerous converſions that followed the aſcenſion of Chriſt. The beauty of holineſs is but a periphraſis for the temple. That the whole Pſalm is a prophecy of Chriſt in his kingdom and prieſthood is abundantly evident from *Matt.* xxii. 44. *Heb.* vii. &c.

3\. "By me Melchisedeck was made
"On earth a king and priest at once;
"And thou my heav'nly Priest shalt plead,
"And thou my King shalt rule my sons."

4\. Jesus the Priest ascends his throne,
While counsels of eternal peace
Between the Father and the Son
Proceed with honour and success.

5\. Thro' the whole earth his reign shall spread,
And crush the pow'rs that dare rebel,
Then shall he judge the rising dead
And send the guilty world to hell.

6\. Tho' while he treads his glorious way
He drinks the cup of tears and blood,
The suff'rings of that dreadful day
Shall but advance him near to God ‡.

‡ The Priesthood of Christ, after the order of Melchisedeck, is particularly explained *Heb.* vii. ver. 1, 3, 23,—25. and is inserted in the three first stanzas.—Stanza iv. *Zech.* vi. 13. *He shall be a Priest upon his throne, and the counsel of peace shall be between them both.*----The last verse of this Psalm is explained by interpreters in very contrary senses: some make his *drinking of the brook* to signify *mean refreshments in his way*, and some expound it of his *tasting sorrows and sufferings*; the last is most evangelical and most beautiful, therefore I have chosen it.

PSALM CX. Common Metre.

Chriſt's kingdom and prieſthood.

Jesus, our Lord! aſcend thy throne,
And near the Father ſit;
In Sion ſhall thy pow'r be known,
And make thy foes ſubmit. 4

2. What wonders ſhall thy goſpel do!
Thy converts ſhall ſurpaſs
The num'rous drops of morning dew,
And own thy ſov'reign grace. 8

3. God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,
Nor changes what he ſwore;
"Eternal ſhall thy prieſthood be
"When Aaron is no more. 12

4. "Melchiſedeck that wondrous prieſt,
"That king of high degree,
"That holy man who Abra'm bleſt,
"Was but a type of thee." 16

5. Jeſus our Prieſt for ever lives
To plead for us above,
Jeſus our King for ever gives
The bleſſings of his love. 20

6. God ſhall exalt his glorious head
And his high throne maintain,
Shall ſtrike the pow'rs and princes dead
Who dare oppoſe his reign. 24

PSALM CXI. Firſt part.

The wiſdom of God in his works.

SONGS of immortal praiſe belong
To my almighty God;
He has my heart and he my tongue
To ſpread his name abroad. 4

2. How great the works his hand has wrought!
How glorious in our ſight!
And men in ev'ry age have ſought
His wonders with delight. 8

3. How moſt exact is nature's frame!
How wiſe th' Eternal Mind!
His counſels never change the ſcheme
That his firſt thoughts deſign'd. 12

4. When he redeem'd his choſen ſons
He fix'd his cov'nant ſure;
The orders that his lips pronounce
To endleſs years endure. 16

5. Nature and time, and earth and ſkies,
Thy heav'nly ſkill proclaim;
What ſhall we do to make us wiſe
But learn to read thy name? 20

6. To fear thy pow'r, to truſt thy grace,
Is our divineſt ſkill,
And he 's the wiſeſt of our race
That beſt obeys thy will ‡. 24

‡ Of this Pſalm I have choſen ſeveral verſes, and formed into two diſtinct hymns, keeping the firſt and the two laſt verſes in both.

PSALM CXI. Second part.

The perfections of God.

GREAT is the Lord! his works of might
Demand our nobleſt ſongs;
Let his aſſembled ſaints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

2. Great is the mercy of the Lord,
He gives his children food,
And ever mindful of his word
He makes his promiſe good.

3. His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To ſeal his cov'nant ſure;
Holy and rev'rend is his name,
His ways are juſt and pure.

4. They that would grow divinely wiſe
Muſt with his fear begin:
Our faireſt proof of knowledge lies
In hating ev'ry ſin.

PSALM CXII. as the 113th Pſalm.

The bleſſings of the liberal man.

THAT man is bleſs'd who ſtands in awe
Of God and loves his ſacred law,
His ſeed on earth ſhall be renown'd,
His houſe the ſeat of wealth ſhall be
An inexhauſted treaſury,
And with ſucceſſive honours crown'd.

2. His lib'ral favours he extends,
To ſome he gives, to others lends,
A gen'rous pity fills his mind;
Yet what his charity impairs
He ſaves by prudence in affairs,
And thus he 's juſt to all mankind.

3. His hands while they his alms beſtow'd
His glory's future harveſt ſow'd;
The ſweet remembrance of the juſt
Like a green root revives and bears
A train of bleſſings for his heirs
When dying nature ſleeps in duſt.

4. Beſet with threat'ning dangers round
Unmov'd ſhall he maintain his ground,
His conſcience holds his courage up;
The ſoul that 's fill'd with virtue's light
Shines brighteſt in affliction's night,
And ſees in darkneſs beams of hope.

PAUSE.

[5. Ill tidings never can ſurpriſe
His heart that fix'd on God relies,
Tho' waves and tempeſts roar around;
Safe on the Rock he ſits and ſees
The ſhipwreck of his enemies,
And all their hope and glory drown'd.

6. The wicked ſhall his triumph ſee,
And gnaſh their teeth in agony

To find their expectations croſt;
They and their envy, pride, and ſpite,
Sink down to everlaſting night,
And all their names in darkneſs loſt †.]

PSALM CXII. Long Metre.

The bleſſings of the pious and charitable.

Thrice happy man who fears the Lord,
Loves his commands, and truſts his word,
Honour and peace his days attend,
And bleſſings to his ſeed deſcend.

2. Compaſſion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy ſtill inclin'd
He lends the poor ſome preſent aid,
Or gives them, not to be repaid.

3. When times grow dark, and tidings ſpread,
That fill his neighbours round with dread,
His heart is arm'd againſt the fear,
For God with all his pow'r is there.

4. His ſoul well fix'd upon the Lord
Draws heav'nly courage from his word;
Amidſt the darkneſs light ſhall riſe
To cheer his heart and bleſs his eyes.

5. He hath diſpers'd his alms abroad,
His works are ſtill before his God,
His name on earth ſhall long remain,
While envious ſinners fret in vain.

† Many lines of this metre, and ſome of the next Pſalm, proper metre, are borrowed from Mr. Tate's verſion.

PSALM CXII. Common Metre.

Liberality rewarded.

HAPPY is he that fears the Lord
And follows his commands,
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with lib'ral hands.

2. As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need,
So God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.

3. No evil tidings shall surprise
His well establish'd mind,
His soul to God his refuge flies
And leaves his fears behind.

4. In times of general distress
Some beams of light shall shine
To shew the world his righteousness
And give him peace divine.

5. His works of piety and love
Remain before the Lord;
Honour on earth and joys above
Shall be his sure reward *.

* Many of the blessings of wealth, and grandeur, and temporal good things, that were the portion of a good man and his children under The Old Testament, I have here abridged agreeable to The New, which foretels rather temporal afflictions, and promises everlasting rewards.

PSALM CXIII. Proper tune.

The majesty and condescension of God.

Ye that delight to serve the Lord
The honours of his name record,
His sacred name for ever bless:
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays
Let lands and seas his pow'r confess.

2. Not time nor nature's narrow rounds
Can give his vast dominion bounds;
The heav'ns are far below his height:
Let no created greatness dare
With our eternal God compare,
Arm'd with his uncreated might.

3. He bows his glorious head to view
What the bright hosts of angels do,
And bends his care to mortal things;
His sov'reign hand exalts the poor,
He takes the needy from the door,
And makes them company for kings.

4. When childless families despair
He sends the blessing of an heir
To rescue their expiring name;
The mother with a thankful voice
Proclaims his praises and her joys;
Let ev'ry age advance his fame.

PSALM CXIII. Long Metre.

God ſovereign and gracious.

Ye ſervants of th' almighty King
In ev'ry age his praiſes ſing;
Where'er the ſun ſhall riſe or ſet
The nations ſhall his praiſe repeat.

2. Above the earth beyond the ſky
Stands his high throne of majeſty,
Nor time nor place his pow'r reſtrain,
Nor bound his univerſal reign.

3. Which of the ſons of Adam dare,
Or angels, with their God compare?
His glories how divinely bright
Who dwells in uncreated light!

4. Behold his love! he ſtoops to view
What ſaints above and angels do,
And condeſcends yet more to know
The mean affairs of men below.

5. From duſt and cottages obſcure
His grace exalts the humble poor,
Gives them the honour of his ſons,
And fits them for their heav'nly thrones.

[6. A word of his creating voice
Can make the barren houſe rejoice:
Tho' Sarah's ninety years were paſt
The promis'd ſeed is born at laſt.

7. With joy the mother views her ſon
And tells the wonders God has done:
Faith may grow ſtrong when ſenſe deſpairs;
If nature fails the promiſe bears †.]

PSALM CXIV.

Miracles attending Iſrael's journey.

When Iſrael freed from Pharaoh's hand
Left the proud tyrant and his land,
The tribes with cheerful homage own
Their King, and Judah was his throne.
2. Acroſs the deep their journey lay,
The deep divides to make them way;
Jordan beheld their march and fled
With backward current to his head.
3. The mountains ſhook like frighted ſheep,
Like lambs the little hillocks leap;
Not Sinai on her baſe could ſtand,
Conſcious of ſov'reign pow'r at hand.
4. What pow'r could make the deep divide,
Make Jordan backward roll his tide?
Why did ye leap ye little hills?
And whence the fright that Sinai feels?

† Part of the vith and viith ſtanzas are borrowed from *Gen.* xvii. 17. and *Rom.* iv. 19, 20. *Shall Sarah that is ninety years old bear? Abraham was ſtrong in faith, &c.*

5. Let ev'ry mountain ev'ry flood
Retire and know th' approaching God,
The King of Israel; see him here;
Tremble thou earth, adore and fear.

6. He thunders and all nature mourns,
The rock to standing pool he turns,
Flints spring with fountains at his word,
And fires and seas confess the Lord ‡.

PSALM CXV. First Metre.

The true God our refuge, or, *Idolatry reproved.*

Not to ourselves who are but dust,
Not to ourselves is glory due;
Eternal God! thou only just,
Thou only gracious, wise, and true.

2. Shine forth in all thy dreadful name;
Why should a Heathen's haughty tongue
Insult us, and to raise our shame
Say, "Where 's the God you 'ave serv'd so long?"

‡ This Psalm appears to me an admirable ode; but if I had introduced the presence of God into the camp of Israel removing from Egypt, as all my predecessors have done, I had lost the divine beauty of the Psalm; for had God appeared at first, there could be no wonder why *the mountains should leap and the sea retire;* therefore that this convulsion of nature may be brought in with due surprise the sacred poet conceals his name till afterward, and then with a very agreeable turn of thought God is introduced at once in all his majesty. This is what I have attempted to imitate, and to preserve what I could of the spirit of the inspired author.

3. The God we ſerve maintains his throne
Above the clouds beyond the ſkies,
Thro' all the earth his will is done,
He knows our groans, he hears our cries.

4. But the vain idols they adore
Are ſenſeleſs ſhapes of ſtone and wood,
At beſt a maſs of glitt'ring ore,
A ſilver ſaint or golden god.

[5. With eyes and ears they carve their head;
Deaf are their ears, their eyes are blind;
In vain are coſtly off'rings made,
And vows are ſcatter'd in the wind.

6. Their feet were never made to move,
Nor hands to ſave when mortals pray;
Mortals that pay them fear or love
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.]

7. O Iſrael! make the Lord thy hope,
Thy help, thy refuge, and thy reſt;
The Lord ſhall build thy ruins up,
And bleſs the people and the prieſt.

8. The dead no more can ſpeak thy praiſe,
They dwell in ſilence and the grave,
But we ſhall live to ſing thy grace,
And tell the world thy pow'r to ſave.

PSALM CXV. Second Metre, as the new tune of the 50th Pſalm.

Popiſh idolatry reproved.

A Pſalm for the 5th of November.

NOT to our names thou only juſt and true,
Not to our worthleſs names is glory due;
Thy pow'r and grace, thy truth and juſtice, claim
Immortal honours to thy ſov'reign name:
Shine thro' the earth from heav'n thy bleſt abode,
Nor let the Heathen ſay, "And where's your God?"

2. Heav'n is thine higher court, there ſtands thy throne,
And thro' the lower worlds thy will is done:
Our God fram'd all this earth, theſe heav'ns he ſpread,
But fools adore the gods their hands have made;
The kneeling crowd, with looks devout, behold
Their ſilver ſaviours and their ſaints of gold.

[3. Vain are thoſe artful ſhapes of eyes and ears,
The molten image neither ſees nor hears;
Their hands are helpleſs, nor their feet can move,
They have no ſpeech, nor thought, nor pow'r, nor love,
Yet ſottiſh mortals make their long complaints
To their deaf idols and their moveleſs ſaints.

4. The rich have ſtatues well adorn'd with gold,
The poor content with gods of coarſer mould,

With tools of iron carve the senseless stock
Lopt from a tree, or broken from a rock;
People and priest drive on the solemn trade,
And trust the gods that saws and hammers made.]

5. Be heav'n and earth amaz'd! 't is hard to say
Which is more stupid or their gods or they:
O Israel! trust the Lord, he hears and sees,
He knows thy sorrows, and restores thy peace,
His worship does a thousand comforts yield,
He is thy help and he thy heav'nly shield.

6. O Britain trust the Lord, thy foes in vain
Attempt thy ruin and oppose his reign;
Had they prevail'd darkness had clos'd our days,
And death and silence had forbid his praise;
But we are sav'd and live; let songs arise,
And Britain bless the God that built the skies.

PSALM CXVI. First part.

Recovery from sickness.

I Love the Lord, he heard my cries,
And pity'd ev'ry groan;
Long as I live when troubles rise
I'll hasten to his throne.

2. I love the Lord, he bow'd his ear
And chas'd my griefs away,
O let my heart no more despair
While I have breath to pray!

3. My fleſh declin'd, my ſpirits fell,
And I drew near the dead,
While inward pangs and fears of hell
Perplex'd my wakeful head.

4. "My God," I cry'd, "thy ſervant ſave,
"Thou ever good and juſt,
"Thy pow'r can reſcue from the grave,
"Thy pow'r is all my truſt."

5. The Lord beheld me ſore diſtreſt,
He bid my pains remove;
Return my ſoul to God thy reſt,
For thou haſt known his love.

6. My God hath ſav'd my ſoul from death
And dry'd my falling tears,
Now to his praiſe I'll ſpend my breath
And my remaining years.

PSALM CXVI. ver. 12, &c. Second part.

Vows made in trouble paid in the church, or, *Publick thanks for private deliverance.*

WHAT ſhall I render to my God
For all his kindneſs ſhown!
My feet ſhall viſit thine abode,
My ſongs addreſs thy throne.

2. Among the ſaints that fill thine houſe
My off'rings ſhall be paid,
There ſhall my zeal perform the vows
My ſoul in anguiſh made.

3. How much is mercy thy delight
Thou ever bleſſed God!
How dear thy ſervants in thy ſight!
How precious is their blood!
4. How happy all thy ſervants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou haſt made thy care,
Lord I devote to thee.
5. Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor ſhall my purpoſe move,
Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain
And bound me with thy love.
6. Here in thy courts I leave my vow
And thy rich grace record;
Witneſs ye ſaints who hear me now
If I forſake the Lord.

PSALM CXVII. Common Metre.

Praiſe to God from all nations.

O All ye nations praiſe the Lord,
Each with a diff'rent tongue,
In ev'ry language learn his word,
And let his name be ſung.
2. His mercy reigns thro' ev'ry land,
Proclaim his grace abroad;
For ever firm his truth ſhall ſtand:
Praiſe ye the faithful God.

PSALM CXVII. Long Metre.

FROM all that dwell below the ſkies
Let the Creator's praiſe ariſe,
Let the Redeemer's name be ſung
Thro' ev'ry land by ev'ry tongue. 4
2. Eternal are thy mercies Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word,
Thy praiſe ſhall ſound from ſhore to ſhore
Till ſuns ſhall riſe and ſet no more. 8

PSALM CXVII. Short Metre.

THY name almighty Lord
Shall ſound thro' diſtant lands;
Great is thy grace and ſure thy word,
Thy truth for ever ſtands. 4
2. Far be thine honour ſpread,
And long thy praiſe endure,
Till morning light and ev'ning ſhade
Shall be exchang'd no more. 8

PSALM CXVIII. ver. 6,—15. Firſt part.

Deliverance from a tumult.

THE Lord appears my helper now,
Nor is my faith afraid
What all the ſons of earth can do
Since heav'n affords its aid. 4

2. 'Tis ſafer Lord to hope in thee
And have my God my friend,
Than truſt in men of high degree
And on their truth depend.

3. Like bees my foes beſet me round,
A large and angry ſwarm,
But I ſhall all their rage confound
By thine almighty arm.

4. 'Tis thro' the Lord my heart is ſtrong,
In him my lips rejoice;
While his ſalvation is my ſong
How cheerful is my voice!

5. Like angry bees they girt me round,
When God appears they fly;
So burning thorns with crackling ſound
Make a fierce blaze and die.

6. Joy to the ſaints and peace belongs,
The Lord protects their days;
Let Iſrael tune immortal ſongs
To his almighty grace.

PSALM CXVIII. ver. 17,—21. Second part.

Publick praiſe for deliverance from death.

LORD thou haſt heard thy ſervant cry
And reſcu'd from the grave,
Now ſhall he live (and none can die
If God reſolve to ſave.)

2. Thy praiſe more conſtant than before
Shall fill his daily breath,
Thy hand that hath chaſtis'd him ſore
Defends him ſtill from death. 8

3. Open the gates of Sion now,
For we ſhall worſhip there,
The houſe where all the righteous go
Thy mercy to declare. 12

4. Among th' aſſemblies of thy ſaints
Our thankful voice we raiſe,
There we have told thee our complaints,
And there we ſpeak thy praiſe. 16

PSALM CXVIII. ver. 22, 23. Third part.

Chriſt the foundation of his church.

BEHOLD the ſure Foundation-ſtone
Which God in Sion lays,
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
And his eternal praiſe. 4

2. Choſen of God, to ſinners dear,
And ſaints adore the name,
They truſt their whole ſalvation here,
Nor ſhall they ſuffer ſhame. 8

3. The fooliſh builders, ſcribe and prieſt,
Reject it with diſdain,
Yet on this Rock the church ſhall reſt,
And envy rage in vain. 12

4. What tho' the gates of hell withſtood
Yet muſt this building riſe;
'Tis thy own work, almighty God!
And wondrous in our eyes ‡. 16

PSALM CXVIII. ver. 24, 25, 26. Fourth part.

Hoſanna, the Lord's day, or, *Chriſt's reſurrection and our ſalvation.*

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own,
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praiſe ſurround the throne. 4

2. To-day he roſe and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell,
To-day the ſaints his triumphs ſpread,
And all his wonders tell. 8

3. Hoſanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son:
Help us, O Lord! deſcend and bring
Salvation from the throne. 12

‡ Theſe five verſes, from the 22d to the 27th, containing a glorious prophecy of Chriſt, I have explained them at large in the language of The New Teſtament in two diſtinct hymns; 1 Pet. ii. 4, 6. *Behold, I lay in Sion a chief corner-ſtone, elect, precious, and he that believeth on him ſhall not be aſhamed---Diſallowed of men, but choſen of God, and precious.* Matt. xvi. 18. *Upon this rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell ſhall not prevail againſt it.* See the Notes on the following hymns.

4. Bleſt be the Lord who comes to men
With meſſages of grace,
Who comes in God his Father's name
To ſave our ſinful race.

5. Hoſanna in the higheſt ſtrains
The church on earth can raiſe,
The higheſt heav'ns in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler praiſe ‡.

PSALM CXVIII. ver. 22,—27. Short Metre.

An hoſanna for the Lord's day, or, *A new ſong of ſalvation by Chriſt.*

SEE what a living Stone
The builders did refuſe!
Yet God hath built his church thereon
In ſpite of envious Jews.

2. The ſcribe and angry prieſt
Reject thine only Son,
Yet on this Rock ſhall Sion reſt
As the chief corner-ſtone.

‡ See the Notes on the foregoing and following hymns.---Stanza i. This is the day wherein Chriſt fulfilled his ſufferings and roſe from the dead, and has honoured it with his own name, *Rev.* i. 10. *The Lord's day.*---Stanza iii. This verſe is explained *Matt.* xxi. 9. *Hoſanna to the Son of David. Bleſſed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; hoſanna in the higheſt.* The word *hoſanna* ſignifies *ſave we beſeech.*

3. The work, O Lord! is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.

4. This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice, and sing and pray,
Let all the church be glad.

5. Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood;
Bless him ye saints; he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

6. We bless thine holy word
Which all this grace displays,
And offer on thine altar Lord!
Our sacrifice of praise ‡.

PSALM CXVIII. ver. 22,—27. Long Metre.

An hosanna for the Lord's day, or, *A new song of salvation by Christ.*

Lo! what a glorious Corner-stone
The Jewish builders did refuse!
But God hath built his church thereon
In spite of envy and the Jews.

‡ Stanza vi. The 27th verse must be explained evangelically; the gospel is our light, our altar is Christ, and our sacrifices are prayer and praise, *Heb.* xiii. 10, 15.

2. Great God! the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes;
This is the day that proves it thine,
The day that ſaw our Saviour riſe. 8

3. Sinners rejoice and ſaints be glad,
Hoſanna let his name be bleſt;
A thouſand honours on his head,
With peace, and light, and glory, reſt! 12

4. In God's own name he comes to bring
Salvation to our dying race,
Let the whole church addreſs their King
With hearts of joy and ſongs of praiſe †. 16

PSALM CXIX ‡. Firſt part.

The bleſſedneſs of ſaints and miſery of ſinners.

Ver. 1, 2, 3.

BLESS'D are the undefil'd in heart
Whoſe ways are right and clean,
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly from ev'ry ſin. 4

† Stanza iii. *Hoſanna* ſignifies *ſave we beſeech*, as ver. 25.; and ſince the hoſanna is aſcribed to Chriſt in *Matt.* xxi. 9. it ſeems to mean properly *an acclamation to Chriſt as King*, as we ſay in our language *God ſave the king*, or *God bleſs the king*, though in the common metre I have turned it as a ſhort prayer for our own ſalvation in the ſenſe in which it is often underſtood.

‡ I have collected and diſpoſed the moſt uſeful verſes of this Pſalm under eighteen different heads, and formed a divine ſong upon each of them; but the verſes are much tranſpoſed to at-

2. Bleſs'd are the men that keep thy word
And practiſe thy commands,
With their whole heart they ſeek the Lord
And ſerve thee with their hands.

Ver. 165.

3. Great is their peace who love thy law,
How firm their ſouls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their ſteady feet aſide.

Ver. 6.

4. Then ſhall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from ſhame,
When all thy ſtatutes I obey,
And honour all thy name.

Ver. 21, 118.

5. But haughty ſinners God will hate,
The proud ſhall die accurſt,
The ſons of falſehood and deceit
Are trodden to the duſt.

Ver. 119, 155.

6. Vile as the droſs the wicked are,
And thoſe that leave thy ways
Shall ſee ſalvation from afar,
But never taſte thy grace.

tain ſome degree of connexion.-----In ſome places among the words *law, commands, judgments, teſtimonies*, I have uſed *goſpel, word, grace, truth, promiſes, &c.* as more agreeable to the New Teſtament and the common language of Chriſtians; and it equally anſwers the deſign of the Pſalmiſt, which was to recommend the Holy Scripture.

PSALM CXIX. Second part.

Secret devotion and spiritual mindedness, or, *Constant converse with God.*

Ver. 147, 55.

To thee before the dawning light
My gracious God I pray,
I meditate thy name by night,
And keep thy law by day. 28

Ver. 81.

2. My spirit faints to see thy grace,
Thy promise bears me up,
And while salvation long delays
Thy word supports my hope. 32

Ver. 164.

3. Sev'n times a day I lift my hands
And pay my thanks to thee;
Thy righteous providence demands
Repeated praise from me. 36

Ver. 62.

4. When midnight darkness veils the skies
I call thy works to mind;
My thoughts in warm devotion rise
And sweet acceptance find. 40

PSALM CXIX. Third part.

Professions of sincerity, repentance, and obedience.

Ver. 57, 60.

Thou art my portion O my God!
Soon as I know thy way
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay. 44

Ver. 30, 14.

2. I chuse the path of heav'nly truth
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice. 48

Ver. 30, 14.

3. The testimonies of thy grace
I set before my eyes,
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies. 52

Ver. 59.

4. If once I wander from thy path
I think upon my ways,
Then turn my feet to thy commands
And trust thy pard'ning grace. 56

Ver. 94, 114.

5. Now I am thine, for ever thine,
O save thy servant Lord,
Thou art my shield, my hiding place,
My hope is in thy word. 60

Ver. 112.

6. Thou haſt inclin'd this heart of mine
Thy ſtatutes to fulfil,
And thus till mortal life ſhall end
Would I perform thy will.

PSALM CXIX. Fourth part.

Inſtruction from ſcripture.

Ver. 9.

How ſhall the young ſecure their hearts
And guard their lives from ſin?
Thy word the choiceſt rules imparts
To keep the conſcience clean.

Ver. 30.

2. When once it enters to the mind
It ſpreads ſuch light abroad
The meaneſt ſouls inſtruction find
And raiſe their thoughts to God.

Ver. 105.

3. 'Tis like the ſun, a heav'nly light,
That guides us all the day,
And thro' the dangers of the night
A lamp to lead our way.

Ver. 99, 100.

4. The men that keep thy law with care,
And meditate thy word,
Grow wiſer than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

Ver. 104, 113.

5. Thy precepts make me truly wise,
I hate the sinner's road,
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law my God.

Ver. 89, 90, 91.

[6. The starry heav'ns thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place,
And these thy servants night and day
Thy skill and pow'r express.

7. But still thy law and gospel Lord
Have lessons more divine;
Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.]

Ver. 160, 140, 9, 116.

8. Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is ev'ry page!
That holy Book shall guide our youth
And well support our age.

PSALM CXIX. Fifth part.

Delight in scripture, or, The word of God dwelling in us.

Ver. 97.

O How I love thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight,
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

Ver. 148.

2. My waking eyes prevent the day
To meditate thy word,
My ſoul with longing melts away
To hear thy goſpel Lord. 104

Ver. 3, 13, 54.

3. How doth thy word my heart engage!
How well employ my tongue!
And in my tireſome pilgrimage
Yields me a heav'nly ſong. 108

Ver. 19, 103.

4. Am I a ſtranger or at home
'Tis my perpetual feaſt;
Not honey dropping from the comb
So much allures the taſte. 112

Ver. 72, 127.

5. No treaſures ſo enrich the mind,
Nor ſhall thy word be ſold
For loads of ſilver well refin'd,
Nor heaps of choiceſt gold. 116

Ver. 28, 49, 175.

6. When nature ſinks and ſpirits droop
Thy promiſes of grace
Are pillars to ſupport my hope,
And there I write thy praiſe. 120

PSALM CXIX. Sixth part.

Holineſs and comfort from the word.

Ver. 128.

LORD! I eſteem thy judgments right,
And all thy ſtatutes juſt,
Thence I maintain a conſtant fight
With ev'ry flatt'ring luſt. 124

Ver. 97, 9.

2. Thy precepts often I ſurvey,
I keep thy law in ſight,
Thro' all the buſ'neſs of the day
To form my actions right. 128

Ver. 62.

3. My heart in midnight ſilence cries
"How ſweet thy comforts be!"
My thoughts in holy wonder riſe
And bring their thanks to thee. 132

Ver. 162.

4. And when my ſpirit drinks her fill
At ſome good word of thine,
Not mighty men that ſhare the ſpoil
Have joys compar'd to mine. 136

PSALM CXIX. Seventh part.

Imperfection of nature, and perfection of ſcripture.

Ver. 96. paraphraſed.

LET all the Heathen writers join
To form one perfect book,
Great God! if once compar'd with thine
How mean their writings look! 140

2. Not the moſt perfect rules they gave
Could ſhew one ſin forgiv'n,
Nor lead a ſtep beyond the grave,
But thine conduct to heav'n.

3. I 'ave ſeen an end of what we call
Perfection here below;
How ſhort the pow'rs of nature fall
And can no farther go.

4. Yet men would fain be juſt with God
By works their hands have wrought,
But thy commands exceeding broad
Extend to ev'ry thought.

5. In vain we boaſt perfection here
While ſin defiles our frame,
And ſinks our virtues down ſo far
They ſcarce deſerve the name.

6. Our faith, and love, and ev'ry grace,
Fall far below thy word,
But perfect truth and righteouſneſs
Dwell only with the Lord.

PSALM CXIX. Eighth part.

The word of God is the ſaints' portion, or, *The excellency and variety of ſcripture.*

Ver. 111. paraphraſed.

LORD! I have made thy word my choice,
My laſting heritage,
There ſhall my nobleſt pow'rs rejoice,
My warmeſt thoughts engage.

2. I 'll read the hist'ries of thy love
And keep thy laws in sight,
While thro' the promises I rove
With ever-fresh delight. 168

3. 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies. 172

4. The best relief that mourners have
It makes our sorrows blest,
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest. 176

PSALM CXIX. Ninth part.

Desire of knowledge, or, *The teachings of the Spirit with the word.*

Ver. 64, 68, 18.

THY mercies fill the earth O Lord,
How good thy works appear!
Open mine eyes to read thy word
And see thy wonders there. 180

Ver. 73, 125.

2. My heart was fashion'd by thy hand,
My service is thy due,
O make thy servant understand
The duties he must do. 184

Ver. 19.

3. Since I 'm a ſtranger here below
Let not thy path be hid,
But mark the road my feet ſhould go
And be my conſtant guide. 188

Ver. 26.

4. When I confeſs'd my wand'ring ways
Thou heard'ſt my ſoul complain,
Grant me the teachings of thy grace
Or I ſhall ſtray again. 192

Ver. 33, 34.

5. If God to me his ſtatutes ſhew
And heav'nly truth impart,
His work for ever I 'll purſue,
His law ſhall rule my heart. 196

Ver. 50, 71.

6. This was my comfort when I bore
Variety of grief,
It made me learn thy word the more
And fly to that relief. 200

Ver. 51.

[7. In vain the proud deride me now,
I 'll ne'er forget thy law,
Nor let that bleſſed goſpel go
Whence all my hopes I draw. 204

Ver. 27, 171.

8. When I have learn'd my Father's will
I 'll teach the world his ways;
My thankful lips inſpir'd with zeal
Shall loud pronounce his praiſe.] 208

PSALM CXIX. Tenth part.

Pleading the promiſes.

Ver. 38, 49.

BEHOLD thy waiting ſervant, Lord!
Devoted to thy fear,
Remember and confirm thy word,
For all my hopes are there.

Ver. 41, 58, 107.

2. Haſt thou not writ ſalvation down
And promis'd quick'ning grace?
Doth not my heart addreſs thy throne
And yet thy love delays?

Ver. 123, 42.

3. Mine eyes for thy ſalvation fail,
O bear thy ſervant up!
Nor let the ſcoffing lips prevail
Who dare reproach my hope.

Ver. 49, 74.

4. Didſt thou not raiſe my faith, O Lord?
Then let thy truth appear;
Saints ſhall rejoice in my reward
And truſt as well as fear.

PSALM CXIX. Eleventh part.

Breathing after holineſs.

Ver. 5, 33.

O That the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his ſtatutes ſtill!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will! 228

Ver. 29.

2. O ſend thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part. 232

Ver. 37, 36.

3. From vanity turn off my eyes;
Let no corrupt deſign
Nor covetous deſires ariſe
Within this ſoul of mine. 236

Ver. 133.

4. Order my footſteps by thy word
And make my heart ſincere,
Let ſin have no dominion Lord,
But keep my conſcience clear. 240

Ver. 176.

5. My ſoul hath gone too far aſtray,
My feet too often ſlip,
Yet ſince I 'ave not forgot thy way
Reſtore thy wand'ring ſheep. 244

Ver. 35.

6. Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road,
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend againſt my God. 248

PSALM CXIX. Twelfth part.

Breathing after comfort and deliverance.

Ver. 153.

MY God, conſider my diſtreſs,
Let mercy plead my cauſe,
Tho' I have ſinn'd againſt thy grace
I cann't forget thy laws. 252

Ver. 39, 116.

2. Forbid, forbid the ſharp reproach
Which I ſo juſtly fear,
Uphold my life, uphold my hopes,
Nor let my ſhame appear. 256

Ver. 122, 135.

3. Be thou a ſurety Lord for me,
Nor let the proud oppreſs,
But make thy waiting ſervant ſee
The ſhinings of thy face. 260

Ver. 82.

4. My eyes with expectation fail,
My heart within me cries
" When will the Lord his truth fulfil
" And make my comforts riſe?" 264

Ver. 132.

5. Look down upon my ſorrows Lord!
And ſhew thy grace the ſame,
As thou art ever wont to afford
To thoſe that love thy name. 268

PSALM CXIX. Thirteenth part.

Holy fear and tenderneſs of conſcience.

Ver. 10.

WITH my whole heart I 'ave ſought thy face,
O let me never ſtray
From thy commands, O God of grace!
Nor tread the ſinners' way. 272

Ver. 11.

2. Thy word I 'ave hid within my heart
To keep my conſcience clean,
And be an everlaſting guard
From every riſing ſin. 276

Ver. 63, 53, 158.

3. I 'm a companion of the ſaints
Who fear and love the Lord;
My ſorrows riſe, my nature faints,
When men tranſgreſs thy word. 280

Ver. 161, 163.

4. While ſinners do thy goſpel wrong
My ſpirit ſtands in awe;
My ſoul abhors a lying tongue,
But loves thy righteous law. 284

Ver. 161, 120.

5. My heart with ſacred rev'rence hears
The threat'nings of thy word,
My fleſh with holy trembling fears
The judgments of the Lord. 288

Ver. 166, 174.

6. My God, I long, I hope, I wait,
For thy ſalvation ſtill,
While thy whole law is my delight
And I obey thy will. 292

PSALM CXIX. Fourteenth part.

Benefit of afflictions, and ſupport under them.

Ver. 153, 81, 82.

CONSIDER all my ſorrows Lord!
And thy deliv'rance ſend;
My ſoul for thy ſalvation faints,
When will my troubles end? 296

Ver. 71.

2. Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's rod;
Afflictions make me learn thy law
And live upon my God. 300

Ver. 50.

3. This is the comfort I enjoy,
When new diſtreſs begins
I read thy word, I run thy way,
And hate my former ſins. 304

Ver. 92.

4. Had not thy word been my delight
When earthly joys were fled,
My ſoul oppreſs'd with ſorrow's weight
Had ſunk amongſt the dead. 308

Ver. 75.

5. I know thy judgments Lord are right
Tho' they may ſeem ſevere;
The ſharpeſt ſuff'rings I endure
Flow from thy faithful care. 312

Ver. 67.

6. Before I knew thy chaſt'ning rod
My feet were apt to ſtray,
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way. 316

PSALM CXIX. Fifteenth part.

Holy reſolutions.

Ver. 93.

O That thy ſtatutes ev'ry hour
Might dwell upon my mind!
Thence I derive a quick'ning pow'r,
And daily peace I find. 320

Ver. 15, 16.

2. To meditate thy precepts Lord!
Shall be my ſweet employ;
My ſoul ſhall ne'er forget thy word,
Thy word is all my joy. 324

Ver. 32.

3. How would I run in thy commands
If thou my heart discharge
From sin and Satan's hateful chains,
And set my feet at large? 328

Ver. 13, 46.

4. My lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name,
I'll speak thy word tho' kings should hear,
Nor yield to sinful shame. 332

Ver. 61, 69, 70.

5. Let bands of persecutors rise
To rob me of my right,
Let pride and malice forge their lies,
Thy law is my delight. 336

Ver. 115.

6. Depart from me ye wicked race
Whose hands and hearts are ill;
I love my God, I love his ways,
And must obey his will. 340

PSALM CXIX. Sixteenth part.

Prayer for quickening grace.

Ver. 25, 37.

My soul lies cleaving to the dust,
Lord give me life divine;
From vain desires and ev'ry lust
Turn off these eyes of mine. 344

2. I need the influence of thy grace
To ſpeed me in thy way,
Leſt I ſhould loiter in my race
Or turn my feet aſtray. 348

Ver. 107.

3. When ſore afflictions preſs me down
I need thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Thy word that I have reſted on
Shall help my heavieſt hours. 352

Ver. 156, 40.

4. Are not thy mercies ſov'reign ſtill
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heav'nly road? 356

Ver. 159, 40.

5. Does not my heart thy precepts love
And long to ſee thy face?
And yet how ſlow my ſpirits move
Without enliv'ning grace! 360

Ver. 93.

6. Then ſhall I love thy goſpel more
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quick'ning pow'r
To draw me near the Lord. 364

PSALM CXIX. Seventeenth part.

Courage and perſeverance under perſecution, or, *Grace ſhining in difficulties and trials.*

Ver. 143, 28.

WHEN pain and anguiſh ſeize me Lord,
All my ſupport is from thy word;
My ſoul diſſolves for heavineſs,
Uphold me with thy ſtrength'ning grace. 368

Ver. 51, 69, 110.

2. The proud have fram'd their ſcoffs and lies,
They watch my feet with envious eyes,
And tempt my ſoul to ſnares and ſin,
Yet thy commands I ne'er decline. 372

Ver. 161, 78.

3. They hate me Lord without a cauſe,
They hate to ſee me love thy laws,
But I will truſt and fear thy name
Till pride and malice die with ſhame. 376

PSALM CXIX. Laſt part.

Sanctified afflictions, or, *Delight in the word of God.*

Ver. 67, 59.

FATHER! I bleſs thy gentle hand,
How kind was thy chaſtiſing rod
That forc'd my conſcience to a ſtand,
And brought my wand'ring ſoul to God! 380

2. Fooliſh and vain, I went aſtray
Ere I had felt thy ſcourges Lord!
I left my guide and loſt my way,
But now I love and keep thy word. 384

Ver. 71.

3. 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to riſe and ſwell;
'Tis good to bear my Father's ſtroke
That I might learn his ſtatutes well. 388

Ver. 72.

4. The law that iſſues from thy mouth
Shall raiſe my cheerful paſſions more
Than all the treaſures of the ſouth,
Or weſtern hills of golden ore. 392

Ver. 73.

5. Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy Spirit form'd my ſoul within;
Teach me to know thy wondrous name,
And guard me ſafe from death and ſin. 396

Ver. 74.

6. Then all that love and fear the Lord
At my ſalvation ſhall rejoice,
For I have hoped in thy word,
And made thy grace my only choice. 400

PSALM CXX ‡.

Complaint of quarrelſome neighbours, or, *A devout wiſh for peace.*

Thou God of love, thou ever bleſt!
Pity my ſuff'ring ſtate,
When wilt thou ſet my ſoul at reſt
From lips that love deceit?
2. Hard lot of mine! my days are caſt
Among the ſons of ſtrife,
Whoſe never-ceaſing brawlings waſte
My golden hours of life.
3. O might I fly to change my place,
How would I chuſe to dwell
In ſome wide loneſome wilderneſs,
And leave theſe gates of hell!
4. Peace is the bleſſing that I ſeek,
How lovely are its charms!
I am for peace, but when I ſpeak
They all declare for arms.
5. New paſſions ſtill their ſouls engage
And keep their malice ſtrong:
What ſhall be done to curb thy rage
O thou devouring tongue!

‡ I hope the tranſpoſition of ſeveral verſes of the Pſalm is no diſadvantage to this imitation of it, nor will the ſpirit of the goſpel and charity at the end render it leſs agreeable to Chriſtian ears.

6. Should burning arrows ſmite thee thro'
Strict juſtice would approve,
But I had rather ſpare my foe
And melt his heart with love.

PSALM CXXI. Long Metre.

Divine protection.

Up to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the ſkies,
Thence all her help my ſoul derives,
There my almighty Refuge lives.
2. He lives, the everlaſting God
That built the world, that ſpread the flood;
The heav'ns with all their hoſts he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.
3. He guides our feet, he guards our way,
His morning ſmiles bleſs all the day,
He ſpreads the ev'ning veil, and keeps
The ſilent hours while Iſrael ſleeps.
4. Iſrael, a name divinely bleſt,
May riſe ſecure, ſecurely reſt;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no ſlumber nor ſurpriſe.
5. No ſun ſhall ſmite thy head by day,
Nor the pale moon with ſickly ray
Shall blaſt thy couch, no baleful ſtar
Dart his malignant fire ſo far.

6. Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou ſhalt go and ſtill return
Safe in the Lord; his heav'nly care
Defends thy life from ev'ry ſnare.
7. On thee foul ſpirits have no pow'r;
And in thy laſt departing hour
Angels that trace the airy road
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God ‡.

PSALM CXXI. Common Metre.

Preſervation by day and night.

To heav'n I lift my waiting eyes,
There all my hopes are laid;
The Lord that built the earth and ſkies
Is my perpetual aid.
2. Their feet ſhall never ſlide to fall
Whom he deſigns to keep,
His ear attends the ſofteſt call,
His eyes can never ſleep.
3. He will ſuſtain our weakeſt pow'rs
With his almighty arm,
And watch our moſt unguarded hours
Againſt ſurpriſing harm.
4. Iſrael rejoice and reſt ſecure,
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ his pow'r
For thine eternal guard.

‡ See the Notes on Pſalm xli.

5. Nor ſcorching ſun nor ſickly moon
Shall have his leave to ſmite,
He ſhields thy head from burning noon,
From blaſting damps at night.
6. He guards thy ſoul, he keeps thy breath,
Where thickeſt dangers come,
Go and return ſecure from death
Till God commands thee home.

PSALM CXXI. as the 148th Pſalm.

God our preſerver.

UPWARD I lift mine eyes,
From God is all my aid,
The God that built the ſkies,
And earth and nature made:
God is the tow'r
To which I fly,
His grace is nigh
In ev'ry hour.
2. My feet ſhall never ſlide
And fall in fatal ſnares,
Since God my guard and guide
Defends me from my fears.
Thoſe wakeful eyes
That never ſleep
Shall Iſrael keep
When dangers riſe.

3. No burning heats by day
Nor blaſts of ev'ning air
Shall take my health away
If God be with me there:
Thou art my ſun
And thou my ſhade
To guard my head
By night or noon.

4. Haſt thou not giv'n thy word
To ſave my ſoul from death?
And I can truſt my Lord
To keep my mortal breath;
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die
Till from on high
Thou call me home.

PSALM CXXII. Common Metre.

Going to church.

How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly ſay
" In Sion let us all appear
" And keep the ſolemn day!"

2. I love her gates, I love the road;
The church adorn'd with grace
Stands like a palace built for God
To ſhew his milder face.

3. Up to her courts with joys unknown
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne
And ſits in judgment there. 12

4. He hears our praiſes and complaints,
And while his awful voice
Divides the ſinners from the ſaints
We tremble and rejoice. 16

5. Peace be within this ſacred place
And joy a conſtant gueſt!
With holy gifts and heav'nly grace
Be her attendants bleſt! 20

6. My ſoul ſhall pray for Sion ſtill
While life or breath remains;
There my beſt friends my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns. 24

PSALM CXXII. Proper tune.

Going to Church.

How pleas'd and bleſs'd was I
To hear the people cry
"Come, let us ſeek our God to-day."
Yes, with a cheerful zeal
We haſte to Sion's hill,
And there our vows and honours pay. 6

2. Sion, thrice happy place,
Adorn'd with wondrous grace,
And walls of ſtrength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, and praiſe, and hear
The ſacred goſpel's joyful ſound.

3. There David's greater Son
Has fix'd his royal throne;
He ſits for grace and judgment there:
He bids the ſaint be glad,
He makes the ſinner ſad,
And humble ſouls rejoice with fear.

4. May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait
To bleſs the ſoul of ev'ry gueſt:
The man that ſeeks thy peace
And wiſhes thine increaſe
A thouſand bleſſings on him reſt!

5. My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this ſacred houſe!"
For there my friends and kindred dwell:
And ſince my glorious God
Makes thee his bleſs'd abode
My ſoul ſhall ever love thee well ‡.

‡ Repeat the fourth ſtanza to complete the tune.

PSALM CXXIII.

Pleading with ſubmiſſion.

O Thou whoſe grace and juſtice reign
Enthron'd above the ſkies,
To thee our hearts would tell their pain,
To thee we lift our eyes.

2. As ſervants watch their maſter's hand
And fear the angry ſtroke,
Or maids before their miſtreſs ſtand
And wait a peaceful look,

3. So for our ſins we juſtly feel
Thy diſcipline O God,
Yet wait the gracious moment ſtill
Till thou remove thy rod.

4. Thoſe that in wealth and pleaſure live
Our daily groans deride,
And thy delays of mercy give
Freſh courage to their pride.

5. Our foes inſult us, but our hope
In thy compaſſion lies:
This thought ſhall bear our ſpirits up
That God will not deſpiſe.

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWA

PSALM CXXIV.

A ſong for the fifth of November.

HAD not the Lord, may Iſrael ſay,
Had not the Lord maintain'd our ſide,
When men to make our lives a prey
Roſe like the ſwelling of the tide;
2. The ſwelling tide had ſtopp'd our breath,
So fiercely did the waters roll,
We had been ſwallow'd deep in death,
Proud waters had o'erwhelm'd our ſoul.
3. We leap for joy, we ſhout and ſing,
Who juſt eſcap'd the fatal ſtroke;
So flies the bird with cheerful wing
When once the fowler's ſnare is broke.
4. For ever bleſſed be the Lord
Who broke the fowler's curſed ſnare,
Who ſav'd us from the murd'ring ſword,
And made our lives and ſouls his care.
5. Our help is in Jehovah's name
Who form'd the earth and built the ſkies;
He that upholds that wondrous frame
Guards his own church with watchful eyes.

PSALM CXXV. Common Metre.

The ſaints' trial and ſafety.

UNSHAKEN as the ſacred hill,
And firm as mountains be,
Firm as a rock the ſoul ſhall reſt
That leans O Lord on thee.

2. Not walls nor hills could guard ſo well
Old Salem's happy ground
As thoſe eternal arms of love
That ev'ry ſaint ſurround.

3. While tyrants are a ſmarting ſcourge
To drive them near to God
Divine compaſſion does allay
The fury of the rod.

4. Deal gently Lord with ſouls ſincere,
And lead them ſafely on
To the bright gates of paradiſe
Where Chriſt their Lord is gone.

5. But if we trace thoſe crooked ways
That the old ſerpent drew,
The wrath that drove him firſt to hell
Shall ſmite his followers too.

PSALM CXXV. Short Metre.

The ſaints' trial and ſafety, or, *Moderated afflictions.*

FIRM and unmov'd are they
That reſt their ſouls on God,
Firm as the mount where David dwelt
Or where the ark abode.

2. As mountains ſtood to guard
The city's ſacred ground,
So God and his almighty love
Embrace his ſaints around.

3. What tho' the Father's rod
Drop a chaſtiſing ſtroke,
Yet leſt it wounds their ſouls too deep
Its fury ſhall be broke.

4. Deal gently Lord with thoſe
Whoſe faith and pious fear,
Whoſe hope, and love, and ev'ry grace,
Proclaim their hearts ſincere.

5. Nor ſhall the tyrant's rage
Too long oppreſs the ſaint;
The God of Iſrael will ſupport
His children leſt they faint.

6. But if our ſlaviſh fear
Will chuſe the road to hell,
We muſt expect our portion there
Where bolder ſinners dwell ‡.

‡ The laſt ſtanza of this metre more clearly expreſſes the true ſenſe of the Pſalmiſt in this place.

PSALM CXXVI. Long Metre.

Surpriſing deliverance.

WHEN God reſtor'd our captive ſtate
Joy was our ſong and grace our theme;
The grace beyond our hopes ſo great
That joy appear'd a painted dream.
2. The ſcoffer owns thy hand, and pays
Unwilling honours to thy name,
While we with pleaſure ſhout thy praiſe,
With cheerful notes thy love proclaim.
3. When we review our diſmal fears,
'Twas hard to think they 'ad vaniſh'd ſo;
With God we left our flowing tears,
He makes our joys like rivers flow.
4. The man that in his furrow'd field
His ſcatter'd ſeed with ſadneſs leaves,
Will ſhout to ſee the harveſt yield
A welcome load of joyful ſheaves.

PSALM CXXVI. Common Metre.

The joy of a remarkable converſion, or, *Melancholy removed.*

WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name
And chang'd my mournful ſtate,
My rapture ſeem'd a pleaſing dream
The grace appear'd ſo great.

2. The world beheld the glorious change
And did thy hand confeſs,
My tongue broke out in unknown ſtrains
And ſung ſurpriſing grace.

3. "Great is the work," my neighbours cry'd,
And own'd the pow'r divine,
"Great is the work," my heart reply'd,
"And be the glory thine."

4. The Lord can clear the darkeſt ſkies,
Can give us day for night,
Make drops of ſacred ſorrow riſe
To rivers of delight.

5. Let thoſe that ſo in ſadneſs wait
Till the fair harveſt come,
They ſhall confeſs their ſheaves are great
And ſhout the bleſſings home.

6. Tho' ſeed lie bury'd long in duſt
It ſha' n't deceive their hope;
The precious grain can ne'er be loſt,
For grace enſures the crop.

PSALM CXXVII. Long Metre.

The bleſſing of God on the buſineſs and comforts of life.

IF God ſucceed not all the coſt
And pains to build the houſe are loſt;
If God the city will not keep
The watchful guards as well may ſleep.

2. What if you riſe before the ſun
And work and toil when day is done,
Careful and ſparing eat your bread
To ſhun that poverty you dread?

3. 'Tis all in vain till God hath bleſt;
He can make rich, yet give us reſt:
Children and friends are bleſſings too
If God our Sov'reign make them ſo.

4. Happy the man to whom he ſends
Obedient children, faithful friends:
How ſweet our daily comforts prove
When they are ſeaſon'd with his love!

PSALM CXXVII. Common Metre.

God all in all.

IF God to build the houſe deny
The builders work in vain,
And towns without his wakeful eye
An uſeleſs watch maintain.

2. Before the morning beams ariſe
Your painful work renew,
And till the ſtars aſcend the ſkies
Your tireſome toil purſue.
3. Short be your ſleep and coarſe your fare;
In vain till God has bleſt;
But if his ſmiles attend your care
You ſhall have food and reſt.
4. Nor children, relatives, nor friends,
Shall real bleſſings prove,
Nor all the earthly joys he ſends,
If ſent without his love.

PSALM CXXVIII.

Family bleſſings.

O Happy man whoſe ſoul is fill'd
With zeal and rev'rend awe!
His lips to God their honours yield,
His life adorns the law.
2. A careful providence ſhall ſtand
And ever guard thy head,
Shall on the labours of thy hand
Its kindly bleſſings ſhed.
3. Thy wife ſhall be a fruitful vine,
Thy children round thy board
Each like a plant of honour ſhine,
And learn to fear the Lord.

4. The Lord ſhall thy beſt hopes fulfil
For months and years to come,
The Lord who dwells on Sion's hill
Shall ſend thee bleſſings home.
5. This is the man whoſe happy eyes
Shall ſee his houſe increaſe,
Shall ſee the ſinking church ariſe,
Then leave the world in peace.

PSALM CXXIX.

Perſecutors puniſhed.

Up from my youth may Iſrael ſay
Have I been nurs'd in tears,
My griefs were conſtant as the day,
And tedious as the years.
2. Up from my youth I bore the rage
Of all the ſons of ſtrife,
Oft' they aſſail'd my riper age,
But not deſtroy'd my life.
3. Their cruel plough had torn my fleſh
With furrows long and deep,
Hourly they vex'd my wounds afreſh,
Nor let my ſorrows ſleep.
4. The Lord grew angry on his throne,
And with impartial eye
Meaſur'd the miſchiefs they had done,
Then let his arrows fly.

5. How was their inſolence ſurpris'd
To hear his thunders roll!
And all the foes of Sion ſeiz'd
With horrour to the ſoul.

6. Thus ſhall the men that hate the ſaints
Be blaſted from the ſky,
Their glory fades, their courage faints,
And all their projects die.

[7. What tho' they flouriſh tall and fair
They have no root beneath,
Their growth ſhall periſh in deſpair
And lie deſpis'd in death.]

[8. So corn that on the houſetop ſtands
No hope of harveſt gives!
The reaper ne'er ſhall fill his hands,
Nor binder fold the ſheaves.

9. It ſprings and withers on the place:
No traveller beſtows
A word of bleſſing on the graſs,
Nor minds it as he goes.]

PSALM CXXX. Common Metre.

Pardoning grace.

Out of the depths of long diſtreſs,
The borders of deſpair,
I ſent my cries to ſeek thy grace,
My groans to move thine ear.

2. Great God! ſhould thy ſeverer eye
And thine impartial hand
Mark and revenge iniquity
No mortal fleſh could ſtand.

3. But there are pardons with my God
For crimes of high degree;
Thy Son has bought them with his blood
To draw us near to thee.

[4. I wait for thy ſalvation Lord,
With ſtrong deſires I wait;
My ſoul invited by thy word
Stands watching at thy gate.]

[5. Juſt as the guards that keep the night
Long for the morning ſkies,
Watch the firſt beams of breaking light
And meet them with their eyes;

6. So waits my ſoul to ſee thy grace,
And more intent than they,
Meets the firſt op'nings of thy face
And finds a brighter day.]

[7. Then in the Lord let Iſrael truſt,
Let Iſrael ſeek his face,
The Lord is good as well as juſt,
And plenteous is his grace.

8. There 's full redemption at his throne
For ſinners long enſlav'd;
The great Redeemer is his Son,
And Iſrael ſhall be ſav'd.]

PSALM CXXX. Long Metre.

Pardoning grace.

FROM deep diſtreſs and troubled thoughts
To thee my God I rais'd my cries;
If thou ſeverely mark our faults
No fleſh can ſtand before thine eyes.

2. But thou haſt built thy throne of grace
Free to diſpenſe thy pardons there,
That ſinners may approach thy face,
And hope and love as well as fear.

3. As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long and wiſh for breaking day,
So waits my ſoul before thy gate:
When will my God his face diſplay?

4. My truſt is fix'd upon thy word,
Nor ſhall I truſt thy word in vain;
Let mourning ſouls addreſs the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

5. Great is his love and large his grace
Thro' the redemption of his Son:
He turns our feet from ſinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

PSALM CXXXI.

Humility and ſubmiſſion.

Is there ambition in my heart?
Search gracious God and ſee,
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord I appeal to thee. 4

2. I charge my thoughts, be humble ſtill,
And all my carriage mild,
Content my Father with thy will,
And quiet as a child. 8

3. The patient ſoul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward:
Let ſaints in ſorrow lie reſign'd
And truſt a faithful Lord. 12

PSALM CXXXII. ver. 5, 13,--18. Long Metre.

At the ſettlement of a church or the ordination of a miniſter.

Where ſhall we go to ſeek and find
An habitation for our God,
A dwelling for th' eternal Mind
Amongſt the ſons of fleſh and blood? 4

2. The God of Jacob choſe the hill
Of Sion for his ancient reſt,
And Sion is his dwelling ſtill;
His church is with his preſence bleſt.

3. Here will I fix my gracious throne,
And reign for ever ſaith the Lord;
Here ſhall my pow'r and love be known,
And bleſſings ſhall attend my word.

4. Here will I meet the hungry poor
And fill their ſouls with living bread;
Sinners that wait before my door
With ſweet proviſions ſhall be fed.

5. Girded with truth and cloth'd with grace
My prieſts my miniſters ſhall ſhine;
Not Aaron in his coſtly dreſs
Made an appearance ſo divine.

6. The ſaints, unable to contain
Their inward joys, ſhall ſhout and ſing;
The Son of David here ſhall reign,
And Sion triumph in her King.

[7. Jeſus ſhall ſee a num'rous ſeed
Born here t' uphold his glorious name,
His crown ſhall flouriſh on his head
While all his foes are cloth'd with ſhame.]

PSALM CXXXII. ver. 4, 5, 7, 8, 15,—17. Com. Met.

A church eſtabliſhed.

[No ſleep nor ſlumber to his eyes
Good David would afford
Till he had found below the ſkies
A dwelling for the Lord. 4
2. The Lord in Sion plac'd his name,
His ark was ſettled there,
To Sion the whole nation came
To worſhip thrice a-year. 8
3. But we have no ſuch lengths to go,
Nor wander far abroad;
Where'er thy ſaints aſſemble now
There is a houſe for God.] 12

PAUSE.

4. Ariſe, O King of grace! ariſe,
And enter to thy reſt,
Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes
Thus to be own'd and bleſt. 16
5. Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no ſuch grace afford. 20

6. Here, mighty God! accept our vows,
Here let thy praiſe be ſpread,
Bleſs the proviſions of thy houſe,
And fill thy poor with bread.

7. Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's anointed ſhine,
Juſtice and truth his court maintain
With love and pow'r divine.

8. Here let him hold a laſting throne,
And as his kingdom grows,
Freſh honours ſhall adorn his crown,
And ſhame confound his foes *.

PSALM CXXXIII. Common Metre.

Brotherly love

Lo! what an entertaining ſight
Are brethren that agree,
Brethren whoſe cheerful hearts unite
In bands of piety?

* The ſettlement of the ark in Sion is a fair type of the dwelling of Chriſt in his churches, and I have ſo copied this Pſalm in both metres, omitting the verſes leſs neceſſary to this ſenſe.——Stanza ii. *Thrice in the year ſhall all your male children appear before the Lord, &c.* Exod. xxxiv. 23.——Stanza iii. *Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midſt of them,* Matt. xviii. 20. *The houſe of God, the church, &c.* 1 Tim. iii. 15.

2. When streams of love from Christ the spring
Descend to ev'ry soul,
And heav'nly peace with balmy wing
Shades and bedews the whole,

3. 'Tis like the oil divinely sweet
On Aaron's rev'rend head,
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
And o'er his garments spread;

4. 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Sion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shews
And makes his grace distil.

PSALM CXXXIII. Short Metre.

Communion of saints, or, *Love and worship in a family.*

Bless'd are the sons of peace
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Thro' all their actions run.

2. Bless'd is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet,
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3. Thus when on Aaron's head
They pour'd the rich perfume,
The oil thro' all his raiment spread
And pleasure fill'd the room.

4. Thus on the heav'nly hills
The ſaints are bleſt above,
Where joy like morning dew diſtils,
And all the air is love.

PSALM CXXXIII. as the 122d Pſalm.

The bleſſings of friendſhip.

How pleaſant 't is to ſee
Kindred and friends agree,
Each in their proper ſtation move,
And each fulfil their part
With ſympathizing heart
In all the cares of life and love!

2. 'Tis like the ointment ſhed
On Aaron's ſacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely ſweet;
The oil thro' all the room
Diffus'd a choice perfume,
Ran thro' his robes and bleſt his feet.

3. Like fruitful ſhow'rs of rain
That water all the plain
Deſcending from the neighb'ring hills;
Such ſtreams of pleaſure roll
Thro' ev'ry friendly ſoul
Where love like heav'nly dew diſtils †.

† Repeat the firſt ſtanza to complete the tune.

PSALM CXXXIV.

Daily and nightly devotion.

Ye that obey th' immortal King
Attend his holy place,
Bow to the glories of his pow'r,
And bleſs his wondrous grace.

2. Lift up your hands by morning light
And ſend your ſouls on high,
Raiſe your admiring thoughts by night
Above the ſtarry ſky.

3. The God of Sion cheers our hearts
With rays of quick'ning grace,
The God that ſpread the heav'ns abroad
And rules the ſwelling ſeas ‡.

‡ This Pſalm, with ſeveral others near it, is called a *Song of Degrees*, that is, to be ſung on the ſteps aſcending to the tabernacle or temple, as the learned ſuppoſe. The king and his attendants ſung the two firſt verſes, addreſſing themſelves to the Levites that kept the houſe of the Lord, and the third verſe is the reſponſe of the Levites to the King. There was a neceſſity of changing the form of this Pſalm to ſuit it to our uſual Chriſtian worſhip.

PSALM CXXXV. ver. 1,—4, 14, 19,—21. First part.

Long Metre.

The church is God's house and care.

Praise ye the Lord, exalt his name,
While in his holy courts ye wait,
Ye saints that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.

2. Praise ye the Lord, the Lord is good;
To praise his name is sweet employ:
Israel he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.

3. The Lord himself will judge his saints;
He treats his servants as his friends,
And when he hears their sore complaints
Repents the sorrows that he sends.

4. Thro' ev'ry age the Lord declares
His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod;
He gives his suff'ring servants rest,
And will be known th' almighty God.

5. Bless ye the Lord who taste his love,
People and priests exalt his name;
Amongst his saints he ever dwells;
His church is his Jerusalem.

PSALM CXXXV. ver. 5,—12. Second part. Long Met.

The works of creation, providence, redemption of Iſrael, and deſtruction of enemies.

GREAT is the Lord, exalted high
Above all pow'rs and ev'ry throne;
Whate'er he pleaſe in earth, or ſea,
Or heav'n, or hell, his hand hath done.

2. At his command the vapours riſe,
The lightnings flaſh, the thunders roar,
He pours the rain, he brings the wind
And tempeſt from his airy ſtore.

3. 'Twas he thoſe dreadful tokens ſent,
O Egypt! thro' thy ſtubborn land,
When all thy firſt-born, beaſts and men,
Fell dead by his avenging hand.

4. What mighty nations, mighty kings,
He ſlew, and their whole country gave
To Iſrael whom his hand redeem'd,
No more to be proud Pharaoh's ſlave.

5. His pow'r the ſame, the ſame his grace,
That ſaves us from the hoſts of hell;
And heav'n he gives us to poſſeſs
Whence thoſe apoſtate angels fell ‡.

‡ This Pſalm was too long to be ſung at once, yet I could not reduce it into two parts conveniently without tranſpoſing the verſe conſiderably as in the titles. The ejection of the Canaanites and the inheritance of their land given to Iſrael is a fair figure of the inheritance of heaven given to the ſaints, whence ſinning angels were ejected, as in the laſt ſtanza.

PSALM CXXXV. Common Metre.

Praiſe due to God, not to idols.

AWAKE ye ſaints to praiſe your King,
Your ſweeteſt paſſions raiſe,
Your pious pleaſure while you ſing
Increaſing with the praiſe. 4

2. Great is the Lord, and works unknown
Are his divine employ,
But ſtill his ſaints are near his throne,
His treaſure and his joy. 8

3. Heav'n, earth, and ſea, confeſs his hand,
He bids the vapours riſe,
Lightning and ſtorm at his command
Sweep thro' the ſounding ſkies. 12

4. All pow'r that gods or kings have claim'd
Is found with him alone,
But Heathen gods ſhould ne'er be nam'd
Where our Jehovah 's known. 16

5. Which of the ſtocks or ſtones they truſt
Can give them ſhow'rs of rain?
In vain they worſhip glitt'ring duſt,
And pray to gold in vain. 20

[6. Their gods have tongues that cannot talk,
Such as their makers gave,
Their feet were ne'er deſign'd to walk,
Nor hands have pow'r to ſave. 24

7. Blind are their eyes, their ears are deaf,
Nor hear when mortals pray;
Mortals that wait for their relief
Are blind and deaf as they.]

8. O Britain! know thy living God,
Serve him with faith and fear,
He makes thy churches his abode,
And claims thine honours there ‡.

PSALM CXXXVI. Common Metre.

God's wonders of creation, providence, redemption of Ifrael, and falvation of his people.

Give thanks to God the fov'reign Lord,
His mercies ftill endure,
And be the King of kings ador'd,
His truth is ever fure.

2. What wonders hath his wifdom done!
How mighty is his hand!
Heav'n, earth, and fea, he fram'd alone;
How wide is his command!

‡ This Pfalm is much abridged in this metre to reduce the moft ufeful parts of it to one fhorter divine fong. In the fifth ftanza I have borrowed a verfe from *Jer.* xiv. 22. *Are there any among the vanities of the Gentiles that can caufe rain?*

3. The ſun ſupplies the day with light,
How bright his counſels ſhine!
The moon and ſtars adorn the night,
His works are all divine.
4. He ſtruck the ſons of Egypt dead,
How dreadful is his rod!
And thence with joy his people led,
How gracious is our God!
5. He cleft the ſwelling ſea in two,
His arm is great in might,
And gave the tribes a paſſage thro',
His pow'r and grace unite.
6. But Pharaoh's army there he drown'd,
How glorious are his ways!
And brought his ſaints thro' deſert ground,
Eternal be his praiſe.
7. Great monarchs fell beneath his hand,
Victorious is his ſword,
While Iſrael took the promis'd land,
And faithful is his word.
8. He ſaw the nations dead in ſin,
He felt his pity move;
How ſad the ſtate the world was in!
How boundleſs was his love!
9. He ſent to ſave us from our wo,
His goodneſs never fails,
From death and hell, and ev'ry foe,
And ſtill his grace prevails.

10. Give thanks to God the heav'nly King,
His mercies ftill endure,
Let the whole earth his praifes fing,
His truth is ever fure †.

PSALM CXXXVI. as the 148th Pfalm.

Give thanks to God moft high,
The univerfal Lord,
The fov'reign King of kings,
And be his grace ador'd.
His pow'r and grace
Are ftill the fame,
And let his name
Have endlefs praife.

2. How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He form'd the earth and feas,
And fpread the heav'ns alone.
Thy mercy Lord
Shall ftill endure,
And ever fure
Abides thy word.

† In every ftanza of this Pfalm I have endeavoured to imitate the chorus or burden of the fong, *For his mercy endureth for ever*, and yet to maintain a perpetual variety.

3. His wiſdom fram'd the ſun
To crown the day with light,
The moon and twinkling ſtars
To cheer the darkſome night.
His pow'r and grace
Are ſtill the ſame,
And let his name
Have endleſs praiſe.

4. He ſmote the firſt-born ſons,
The flow'r of Egypt, dead,
And thence his choſen tribes
With joy and glory led.
Thy mercy Lord
Shall ſtill endure,
And ever ſure
Abides thy word.

5. His pow'r and lifted rod
Cleft the Red ſea in two,
And for his people made
A wondrous paſſage thro'.
His pow'r and grace
Are ſtill the ſame,
And let his name
Have endleſs praiſe.

6. But cruel Pharaoh there
With all his hoſt he drown'd,
And brought his Iſrael ſafe
Thro' a long deſert ground.

Thy mercy Lord
Shall ſtill endure,
And ever ſure
Abides thy word.

PAUSE.

7. The kings of Canaan fell
Beneath his dreadful hand,
While his own ſervants took
Poſſeſſion of their land.
His pow'r and grace
Are ſtill the ſame,
And let his name
Have endleſs praiſe.

8. He ſaw the nations lie
All periſhing in ſin,
And pity'd the ſad ſtate
The ruin'd world was in.
Thy mercy Lord
Shall ſtill endure,
And ever ſure
Abides thy word.

9. He ſent his only Son
To ſave us from our wo,
From Satan, ſin, and death,
And ev'ry hurtful foe.
His pow'r and grace
Are ſtill the ſame,
And let his name
Have endleſs praiſe.

10. Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heav'nly King,
And let the ſpacious earth
His works and glories ſing.
Thy mercy Lord
Shall ſtill endure,
And ever ſure
Abides thy word †. 80

PSALM CXXXI. Abridged. Long Metre.

Give to our God immortal praiſe,
Mercy and truth are all his ways:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your ſong. 4
2. Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown:
His mercies ever ſhall endure
When lords and kings are known no more. 8
3. He built the earth, he ſpread the ſky,
And fix'd the ſtarry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your ſong. 12

† In this metre and the next I have maintained the chorus, *For his mercy endureth for ever*, in a double form, to be uſed alternately, that is, in every other ſtanza.

4. He fills the ſun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever ſhall endure
When ſuns and moons ſhall ſhine no more. 16

5. The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's hand,
And brought them to the promis'd land:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your ſong. 20

6. He ſaw the Gentiles dead in ſin,
And felt his pity work within:
His mercies ever ſhall endure
When death and ſin ſhall reign no more. 24

7. He ſent his Son with pow'r to ſave
From guilt, and darkneſs, and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your ſong. 28

8. Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heav'nly ſeat:
His mercies ever ſhall endure
When this vain world ſhall be no more. 32

PSALM CXXXVIII.

Reſtoring and preſerving grace.

[WITH all my pow'rs of heart and tongue
I'll praiſe my Maker in my ſong;
Angels ſhall hear the notes I raiſe,
Approve the ſong and join the praiſe. 4

2. Angels that make thy church their care
Shall witneſs my devotions there,
While holy zeal directs my eyes
To thy fair temple in the ſkies.]

3. I'll ſing thy truth and mercy Lord,
I'll ſing the wonders of thy word;
Not all thy works and names below
So much thy pow'r and glory ſhow.

4. To God I cry'd when troubles roſe,
He heard me and ſubdu'd my foes,
He did my riſing fears control,
And ſtrength diffus'd thro' all my ſoul.

5. The God of heav'n maintains his ſtate,
Frowns on the proud and ſcorns the great,
But from his throne deſcends to ſee
The ſons of humble poverty.

6. Amidſt a thouſand ſnares I ſtand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand,
Thy words my fainting ſoul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

7. Grace will complete what grace begins
To ſave from ſorrows or from ſins:
The work that Wiſdom undertakes
Eternal mercy ne'er forſakes ‡.

‡ Stanza i, and ii. Angels or kings are the gods before whom the Pſalmiſt would ſing praiſe to his Creator; but common Chriſtians having ſo little of the preſence of kings in their worſhip I have mentioned only the company of angels.

PSALM CXXXIX. Firſt part. Long Metre.

The allſeeing God.

LORD! thou haſt ſearch'd and ſeen me thro',
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My riſing and my reſting hours,
My heart and fleſh, with all their pow'rs.
2. My thoughts before they are my own
Are to my God diſtinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to ſpeak
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.
3. Within thy circling pow'r I ſtand,
On ev'ry ſide I find thy hand;
Awake, aſleep, at home, abroad,
I am ſurrounded ſtill with God.
4. Amazing knowledge vaſt and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My ſoul with all the pow'rs I boaſt
Is in the boundleſs proſpect loſt.
5. O may theſe thoughts poſſeſs my breaſt
Where'er I rove, where'er I reſt!
Nor let my weaker paſſions dare
Conſent to ſin, for God is there.

PAUSE THE FIRST.

6. Could I ſo falſe, ſo faithleſs, prove
To quit thy ſervice and thy love,
Where Lord, could I thy preſence ſhun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run!

7. If up to heav'n I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'ſt enthron'd in light,
Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,
And Satan groans beneath thy chains.

8. If mounted on a morning ray
I fly beyond the weſtern ſea,
Thy ſwifter hand would firſt arrive,
And there arreſt thy fugitive.

9. Or ſhould I try to ſhun thy ſight
Beneath the ſpreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkneſs into day.

10. O may theſe thoughts poſſeſs my breaſt
Where'er I rove, where'er I reſt!
Nor let my weaker paſſions dare
Conſent to ſin, for God is there.

PAUSE THE SECOND.

11. The veil of night is no diſguiſe,
No ſcreen from thy allſearching eyes,
Thy hand can ſeize thy foes as ſoon
Thro' midnight ſhades as blazing noon.

12. Midnight and noon in this agree,
Great God! they 're both alike to thee;
Not death can hide what God will ſpy,
And hell lies naked to his eye.

13. O may theſe thoughts poſſeſs my breaſt
Where'er I rove, where'er I reſt!
Nor let my weaker paſſions dare
Conſent to ſin, for God is there.

PSALM CXXXIX. Second part. Long Metre.

The wonderful formation of man.

'TWAS from thy hand, my God! I came,
A work of ſuch a curious frame;
In me thy fearful wonders ſhine,
And each proclaims thy ſkill divine.

2. Thine eyes did all my limbs ſurvey,
Which yet in dark confuſion lay;
Thou ſaw'ſt the daily growth they took,
Form'd by the model of thy book.

3. By thee my growing parts were nam'd,
And what thy ſov'reign counſels fram'd
(The breathing lungs, the beating heart)
Was copy'd with unerring art.

4. At laſt to ſhew my Maker's name
God ſtamp'd his image on my frame,
And in ſome unknown moment join'd
The finiſh'd members to the mind.

5. There the young ſeeds of thought began,
And all the paſſions of the man:
Great God! our infant nature pays
Immortal tribute to thy praiſe.

PAUSE.

6. Lord! ſince in my advancing age
I 'ave acted on life's buſy ſtage,
Thy thoughts of love to me ſurmount
The pow'r of numbers to recount.

7. I could ſurvey the ocean o'er,
And count each ſand that makes the ſhore,
Before my ſwifteſt thoughts could trace
The num'rous wonders of thy grace.

8. Theſe on my heart are ſtill impreſt,
With theſe I give my eyes to reſt,
And at my waking hour I find
God and his love poſſeſs my mind.

PSALM CXXXIX. Third part. Long Metre.

Sincerity profeſſed, and grace tried, or, *The heart-ſearching God.*

MY God! what inward grief I feel
When impious men tranſgreſs thy will!
I mourn to hear their lips profane
Take thy tremendous name in vain.

2. Does not my ſoul deteſt and hate
The ſons of malice and deceit?
Thoſe that oppoſe thy laws and thee
I count them enemies to me.

3. Lord! ſearch my ſoul, try ev'ry thought,
Tho' my own heart accuſe me not
Of walking in a falſe diſguiſe
I beg the trial of thine eyes.

4. Doth ſecret miſchief lurk within?
Do I indulge ſome unknown ſin?
O turn my feet whene'er I ſtray,
And lead me in thy perfect way ‡.

‡ In this noble Pſalm I have not refuſed the aid of my predeceſſors, chiefly Mr. Tate. In ſome places where I have borrowed I hope I have improved the verſe, and in others my own deſign conſtrained me to leave out the words of a more poetick ſound, ſuch as *infernal plains*, *morning's wings*, *weſtern main*, *ſable wings of night*, *ſhapeleſs embryo*, *maze of life*, *&c.*; yet I have endeavoured to maintain the ſpirit of the Pſalmiſt in plainer language.—The epiphonema, or the burden of the ſong, that I have inſerted three times in the firſt part, was not introduced by any means to add beauty to the poem, but merely to reduce it to convenient lengths for ſinging, which has too often confined the ode and debaſed it.

PSALM CXXXIX. Firſt part. Common Metre.

God is every where.

In all my vaſt concerns with thee
In vain my ſoul would try
To ſhun thy preſence Lord! or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2. Thy allſurrounding ſight ſurveys
My riſing and my reſt,
My publick walks, my private ways,
And ſecrets of my breaſt.

3. My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're form'd within,
And ere my lips pronounce the word
He knows the ſenſe I mean.

4. O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide!
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beſet on ev'ry ſide.

5. So let thy grace ſurround me ſtill,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my ſoul from ev'ry ill,
Secur'd by ſov'reign love.

PAUSE.

6. Lord! where ſhall guilty ſouls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,
In heav'n thy glorious throne.

7. Should I ſuppreſs my vital breath
To 'ſcape the wrath divine,
Thy voice would break the bars of death
And make the grave reſign.
8. If wing'd with beams of morning light
I fly beyond the weſt,
Thy hand which muſt ſupport my flight
Would ſoon betray my reſt.
9. If o'er my ſins I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
Thoſe flaming eyes that guard thy law
Would turn the ſhades to light.
10. The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee,
O may I ne'er provoke that Pow'r
From which I cannot flee!

PSALM CXXXIX. Second part. Common Metre.

The wiſdom of God in the formation of man.

When I with pleaſing wonder ſtand
And all my frame ſurvey,
Lord! 't is thy work, I own thy hand
Thus built my humble clay.
2. Thy hand my heart and reins poſſeſs'd
Where unborn nature grew,
Thy wiſdom all my features trac'd
And all my members drew:

3. Thine eye with niceſt care ſurvey'd
The growth of ev'ry part,
Till the whole ſcheme thy thoughts had laid
Was copy'd by thy art.

4. Heav'n, earth, and ſea, and fire, and wind,
Shew me thy wondrous ſkill,
But I review myſelf, and find
Diviner wonders ſtill.

5. Thy awful glories round me ſhine,
My fleſh proclaims thy praiſe;
Lord! to thy works of nature join
Thy miracles of grace.

PSALM CXXXIX. ver. 14, 17, 18. Third part. Common Metre.

The mercies of God innumerable.

An evening Pſalm.

Lord! when I count thy mercies o'er
They ſtrike me with ſurpriſe;
Not all the ſands that ſpread the ſhore
To equal numbers riſe.

2. My fleſh with fear and wonder ſtands,
The product of thy ſkill,
And hourly bleſſings from thy hands
Thy thoughts of love reveal.

3. Theſe on my heart by night I keep,
How kind how dear to me!
O may the hour that ends my ſleep
Still find my thoughts with thee.

PSALM CXLI. ver. 2, 3, 4, 5.

Watchfulneſs and brotherly reproof.

A morning or evening Pſalm.

My God! accept my early vows,
Like morning incenſe in thine houſe,
And let my nightly worſhip riſe
Sweet as the ev'ning ſacrifice.

2. Watch o'er my lips, and guard them Lord
From ev'ry raſh and heedleſs word,
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where ſinners lead.

3. O may the righteous when I ſtray
Smite and reprove my wand'ring way!
Their gentle words like ointment ſhed
Shall never bruiſe but cheer my head.

4. When I behold them preſs'd with grief
I'll cry to heav'n for their relief,
And by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

PSALM CXLII.

God is the hope of the helpleſs.

To God I made my ſorrows known,
From God I ſought relief,
In long complaints before his throne
I pour'd out all my grief.
2. My ſoul was overwhelm'd with woes,
My heart began to break;
My God! who all my burdens knows,
He knows the way I take.
3. On ev'ry ſide I caſt mine eye
And found my helpers gone,
While friends and ſtrangers paſs'd me by
Neglected or unknown.
4. Then did I raiſe a louder cry
And call'd thy mercy near;
"Thou art my portion when I die,
"Be thou my refuge here."
5. Lord I am brought exceeding low,
Now let thine ear attend,
And make my foes who vex me know
I 'ave an almighty Friend.
6. From my ſad priſon ſet me free,
Then ſhall I praiſe thy name,
And holy men ſhall join with me
Thy kindneſs to proclaim.

PSALM CXLIII.

Complaint of heavy afflictions in mind and body.

My righteous Judge! my gracious God!
Hear when I ſpread my hands abroad,
And cry for ſuccour from thy throne,
O make thy truth and mercy known.
2. Let judgment not againſt me paſs,
Behold thy ſervant pleads thy grace:
Should juſtice call us to thy bar
No man alive is guiltleſs there.
3. Look down in pity Lord! and ſee
The mighty woes that burden me;
Down to the duſt my life is brought
Like one long bury'd and forgot.
4. I dwell in darkneſs and unſeen,
My heart is deſolate within,
My thoughts in muſing ſilence trace
The ancient wonders of thy grace.
5. Thence I derive a glimpſe of hope
To bear my ſinking ſpirits up,
I ſtretch my hands to God again,
And thirſt like parched lands for rain.
6. For thee I thirſt, I pray, I mourn,
When will thy ſmiling face return?
Shall all my joys on earth remove,
And God for ever hide his love?

7. My God! thy long delay to save
Will sink thy pris'ner to the grave;
My heart grows faint, and dim mine eye,
Make haste to help before I die.

8. The night is witness to my tears,
Distressing pains, distressing fears;
O might I hear thy morning voice,
How would my weary'd pow'rs rejoice!

9. In thee I trust, to thee I sigh,
And lift my heavy soul on high,
For thee sit waiting all the day,
And wear the tiresome hours away.

10. Break off my fetters Lord! and show
Which is the path my feet should go;
If snares and foes beset the road
I fly to hide me near my God.

11. Teach me to do thy holy will,
And lead me to thy heav'nly hill;
Let the good Spirit of thy love
Conduct me to thy courts above:

12. Then shall my soul no more complain,
The tempter then shall rage in vain,
And flesh that was my foe before
Shall never vex my spirit more.

...ORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASW...

PSALM CXLIV. ver. 1, 2. First part.

Aſſiance and victory in the ſpiritual warfare.

For ever bleſſed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my ſhield!
He ſends his Spirit with his word
To arm me for the field. 4
2. When ſin and hell their force unite
He makes my ſoul his care,
Inſtructs me to the heav'nly fight,
And guards me thro' the war. 8
3. A friend and helper ſo divine
Doth my weak courage raiſe,
He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,
And his ſhall be the praiſe †. 12

† The ſenſe of a great part of this Pſalm is found often repeated in the book of Pſalms, I have therefore only taken three ſmall parts of it, and formed three diſtinct hymns on very different ſubjects.

PSALM CXLIV. ver. 3, 4, 5, 6. Second part.

The vanity of man, and condeſcenſion of God.

LORD! what is man, poor feeble man!
Born of the earth at firſt?
His life a ſhadow light and vain,
Still haſting to the duſt.

2. O what is feeble dying man,
Or any of his race,
That God ſhould make it his concern
To viſit him with grace!

3. That God who darts his lightnings down,
Who ſhakes the worlds above,
And mountains tremble at his frown,
How wondrous is his love!

PSALM CXLIV. ver. 12,—15. Third part.

Grace above riches, or, The happy nation.

HAPPY the city where their ſons,
Like pillars round a palace ſet,
And daughters bright as poliſh'd ſtones,
Give ſtrength and beauty to the ſtate.

2. Happy the country where the ſheep,
Cattle, and corn, have large increaſe,
Where men ſecurely work or ſleep,
Nor ſons of plunder break the peace. 8

3. Happy the nation thus endow'd,
But more divinely bleſs'd are thoſe
On whom the allſufficient God
Himſelf with all his grace beſtows. 12

PSALM CXLIV. Long Metre.

The greatneſs of God.

My God, my King! thy various praiſe
Shall fill the remnant of my days,
Thy grace employ my humble tongue
Till death and glory raiſe the ſong. 4

2. The wings of ev'ry hour ſhall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear,
And ev'ry ſetting ſun ſhall ſee
New works of duty done for thee. 8

3. Thy truth and juſtice I 'll proclaim,
Thy bounty flows an endleſs ſtream,
Thy mercy ſwift, thine anger ſlow,
But dreadful to the ſtubborn foe. 12

4. Thy works with ſov'reign glory ſhine,
And ſpeak thy majeſty divine;
Let Britain round her ſhores proclaim
The ſound and honour of thy name. 16

5. Let diſtant times and nations raiſe
The long ſucceſſion of thy praiſe,
And unborn ages make my ſong
The joy and labour of their tongue.

6. But who can ſpeak thy wond'rous deeds?
Thy greatneſs all our thoughts exceeds,
Vaſt and unſearchable thy ways,
Vaſt and immortal be thy praiſe ‡.

PSALM CXLV. ver. 1,—7, 11,—13. Firſt part.

The greatneſs of God.

LONG as I live I 'll bleſs thy name,
My King, my God of love!
My work and joy ſhall be the ſame
In the bright world above.

2. Great is the Lord, his pow'r unknown,
And let his pow'r be great,
I 'll ſing the honours of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

3. Thy grace ſhall dwell upon my tongue,
And while my lips rejoice
The men that hear my ſacred ſong
Shall join their cheerful voice.

‡ The verſes of this Pſalm are here tranſpoſed in this manner, namely, 1, 2, 7, 8, 5, 6, 4, 3.

4. Fathers to ſons ſhall teach thy name
And children learn thy ways,
Ages to come thy truth proclaim
And nations ſound thy praiſe.

5. Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall thro' the world be known,
Thine arm of pow'r, thy heav'nly ſtate,
With publick ſplendour ſhown.

6. The world is manag'd by thy hands,
Thy ſaints are rul'd by love,
And thine eternal kingdom ſtands
Tho' rocks and hills remove.

PSALM CXLV. Second part.

The goodneſs of God.

SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heav'nly King!
Let age to age thy righteouſneſs
In ſounds of glory ſing.

2. God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodneſs to the ſkies,
Thro' the whole earth his bounty ſhines,
And ev'ry want ſupplies.

3. With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food,
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4. How kind are thy compaſſions Lord!
How ſlow thine anger moves!
But ſoon he ſends his pard'ning word
To cheer the ſouls he loves.
5. Creatures with all their endleſs race
Thy pow'r and praiſe proclaim,
But ſaints that taſte thy richer grace
Delight to bleſs thy name *.

PSALM CXLV. ver. 14, 17, &c. Third part.

Mercy to ſufferers, or, *God hearing prayer*.

LET every tongue thy goodneſs ſpeak,
Thou ſov'reign Lord of all!
Thy ſtrength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raiſe the poor that fall.
2. When ſorrow bows the ſpirit down
Or virtue lies diſtreſt
Beneath ſome proud oppreſſor's frown
Thou giv'ſt the mourners reſt.
3. The Lord ſupports our tott'ring days,
And guides our giddy youth;
Holy and juſt are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.

* The verſes of this Pſalm are here tranſpoſed thus, 7, 9, 15, 16, 8, 10.

4. He knows the pains his ſervants feel,
He hears his children cry,
And their beſt wiſhes to fulfil
His grace is ever nigh.

5. His mercy never ſhall remove
From men of heart ſincere,
He ſaves the ſouls whoſe humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.

[6. His ſtubborn foes his ſword ſhall ſlay,
And pierce their hearts with pain,
But none that ſerve the Lord ſhall ſay
"They ſought his aid in vain."]

[7. My lips ſhall dwell upon his praiſe,
And ſpread his fame abroad;
Let all the ſons of Adam raiſe
The honours of their God †.]

PSALM CXLVI. Long Metre.

Praiſe to God for his goodneſs and truth.

PRAISE ye the Lord, my heart ſhall join
In work ſo pleaſant, ſo divine,
Now while the fleſh is mine abode,
And when my ſoul aſcends to God.

† The various tranſpoſitions that I have made in ſeveral parts of this Pſalm were neceſſary to divide it into proper lengths for publick worſhip, and to reduce the verſes of a like ſenſe together.

2. Praiſe ſhall employ my nobleſt pow'rs
While immortality endures:
My days of praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt
While life, and thought, and being, laſt.

3. Why ſhould I make a man my truſt?
Princes muſt die and turn to duſt;
Their breath departs, their pomp, and pow'r,
And thoughts, all vaniſh in an hour.

4. Happy the man whoſe hopes rely
On Iſrael's God: he made the ſky,
And earth, and ſeas, with all their train,
And none ſhall find his promiſe vain.

5. His truth for ever ſtands ſecure,
He ſaves th' oppreſs'd, he feeds the poor,
He ſends the lab'ring conſcience peace,
And grants the pris'ner ſweet releaſe.

6. The Lord hath eyes to give the blind,
The Lord ſupports the ſinking mind,
He helps the ſtranger in diſtreſs,
The widow and the fatherleſs.

7. He loves his ſaints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Sion! ever reigns,
Praiſe him in everlaſting ſtrains †.

† This Pſalm conſiſts ſo much of ſingle ſentences that a ſmall and eaſy tranſpoſition of the verſes, with a very few lines added, will afford a metre to the tune of the cxiiith Pſalm, with a repetition of the firſt ſtanza at the end to complete the tune as follows.

PSALM CXLVI. as the 113th Psalm.

Praise to God for his goodness and truth.

I'll praise my Maker with my breath,
And when my voice is lost in death
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life, and thought, and being, last,
Or immortality endures. 6

2. Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust:
Vain is the help of flesh and blood;
Their breath departs, their pomp, and pow'r,
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour,
Nor can they make their promise good. 12

3. Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure,
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain. 18

4. The Lord hath eyes to give the blind,
The Lord supports the sinking mind,
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release. 24

5. He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Sion! ever reigns;
Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age,
In this exalted work engage;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

6. I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life, and thought, and being, last,
Or immortality endures.

PSALM CXLVII. First part.

The divine nature, providence, and grace.

Praise ye the Lord; it is good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise:
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2. The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
And gathers nations to his name,
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.

3. He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wisdom 's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4. Great is our Lord, and great his might,
And all his glories infinite;
He crowns the meek, rewards the juſt,
And treads the wicked to the duſt.

PAUSE.

5. Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who ſpreads his cloud all round the ſky,
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops deſcend in vain.

6. He makes the graſs the hills adorn,
And clothes the ſmiling fields with corn,
The beaſts with food his hands ſupply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

7. What is the creature's ſkill or force,
The ſprightly man, the warlike horſe,
The nimble wit, the active limb?
All are too mean delights for him.

8. But ſaints are lovely in his ſight,
He views his children with delight,
He ſees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks and loves his image there.

PSALM CXLVII. Second part.

Summer and winter.

A Song for Great Britain.

O Britain! praife thy mighty God,
And make his honours known abroad;
He bid the ocean round thee flow,
Not bars of brafs could guard thee fo.
2. Thy children are fecure and bleft,
Thy fhores have peace, thy cities reft;
He feeds thy fons with fineft wheat,
And adds his bleffing to their meat.
3. Thy changing feafons he ordains,
Thine early and thy latter rains,
His flakes of fnow like wool he fends,
And thus the fpringing corn defends.
4. With hoary froft he ftrews the ground,
His hail defcends with clatt'ring found;
Where is the man fo vainly bold
That dares defy his dreadful cold!
5. He bids the fouthern breezes blow,
The ice diffolves, the waters flow;
But he hath nobler works and ways
To call the Britons to his praife.

6. To all the isle his laws are shown,
His gospel thro' the nation known;
He hath not thus reveal'd his word
To ev'ry land: praise ye the Lord.

PSALM CXLVII. ver. 7,—9, 13,—18. Com. Metre.

The seasons of the year.

WITH songs and honours sounding loud
Address the Lord on high,
Over the heav'ns he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2. He sends his show'rs of blessing down
To cheer the plains below,
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in vallies grow.

3. He gives the grazing ox his meat,
He hears the raven's cry,
But man who tastes his finest wheat
Should raise his honours high.

4. His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year,
He bids the sun cut short his race
And wintry days appear.

5. His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground,
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

6. When from his dreadful ſtores on high
He pours the rattling hail
The wretch that dares this God defy
Shall find his courage fail.

7. He ſends his word and melts the ſnow,
The fields no longer mourn,
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the ſpring return.

8. The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word;
With ſongs and honours ſounding loud
Praiſe ye the ſov'reign Lord.

PSALM CXLVIII. Proper Metre.

Praiſe to God from all creatures.

Ye tribes of Adam join
With heav'n, and earth, and ſeas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praiſe.
Ye holy throng
Of angels bright
In worlds of light
Begin the ſong.

2. Thou ſun with dazzling rays,
And moon that rules the night,
Shine to your Maker's praiſe,
With ſtars of twinkling light.
His pow'r declare,
Ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly
In empty air.

3. The ſhining worlds above
In glorious order ſtand,
Or in ſwift courſes move
By his ſupreme command.
He ſpake the word,
And all their frame
From nothing came
To praiſe the Lord.

4. He mov'd their mighty wheels
In unknown ages paſt,
And each his word fulfils
While time and nature laſt.
In diff'rent ways
His works proclaim
His wondrous name,
And ſpeak his praiſe.

PAUSE.

5. Let all the earth-born race,
And monſters of the deep,
The fiſh that cleave the ſeas,
Or in their boſom ſleep,

From sea and shore
Their tribute pay,
And still display
Their Maker's pow'r.

6. Ye vapours, hail, and snow,
Praise ye th' almighty Lord,
And stormy winds that blow
To execute his word.
When lightnings shine
Or thunders roar
Let earth adore
His hand divine.

7. Ye mountains near the skies
With lofty cedars there,
And trees of humbler size
That fruit in plenty bear;
Beasts wild and tame,
Birds, flies, and worms,
In various forms
Exalt his name.

8. Ye kings and judges fear
The Lord, the sov'reign King,
And while you rule us here
His heav'nly honours sing;
Nor let the dream
Of pow'r and state
Make you forget
His pow'r supreme.

9. Virgins and youth engage
To ſound his praiſe divine,
While infancy and age
Their feeble voices join.
Wide as he reigns
His name be ſung
By ev'ry tongue
In endleſs ſtrains.

10. Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taſte his love.
While earth and ſky
Attempt his praiſe
His ſaints ſhall raiſe
His honours high.

PSALM CXLVIII *. paraphraſed. Long Metre.

Univerſal praiſe to God.

LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord
From diſtant worlds where creatures dwell,
Let heav'n begin the ſolemn word,
And ſound it dreadful down to hell.
2. The Lord! how abſolute he reigns!
Let ev'ry angel bend the knee,
Sing of his love in heav'nly ſtrains,
And ſpeak how fierce his terrours be.
3. High on a throne his glories dwell,
An awful throne of ſhining bliſs;
Fly thro' the world O ſun, and tell
How dark thy beams compar'd to his.
4. Awake ye tempeſts, and his fame
In ſounds of dreadful praiſe declare,
And the ſweet whiſper of his name
Fill ev'ry gentler breeze of air.

* This Pſalm may be ſung to the tune of the old cxiith or cxxviith Pſalm if theſe two lines be added to every ſtanza, namely,

Each of his works his name diſplays,
But they can ne'er fulfil the praiſe.

Otherwiſe it muſt be ſung to the uſual tunes of the long metre.

5. Let clouds, and winds, and waves, agree
To join their praiſe with blazing fire,
Let the firm earth and rolling ſea
In this eternal ſong conſpire.

6. Ye flow'ry plains proclaim his ſkill,
Vallies lie low before his eye,
And let his praiſe from ev'ry hill
Riſe tuneful to the neighb'ring ſky.

7. Ye ſtubborn oaks and ſtately pines
Bend your high branches and adore,
Praiſe him ye beaſts in diff'rent ſtrains,
The lamb muſt bleat, the lion roar.

8. Birds, ye muſt make his praiſe your theme,
Nature demands a ſong from you,
While the dumb fiſh that cut the ſtream
Leap up and mean his praiſes too.

9. Mortals, can you refrain your tongue
When nature all around you ſings?
O for a ſhout from old and young,
From humble ſwains and lofty kings!

10. Wide as his vaſt dominion lies
Make the Creator's name be known,
Loud as his thunder ſhout his praiſe,
And ſound it lofty as his throne.

11. Jehovah! 't is a glorious word!
O may it dwell on ev'ry tongue!
But ſaints who beſt have known the Lord
Are bound to raiſe the nobleſt ſong,

12. Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on ev'ry chord;
From all below and all above
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.

PSALM CXLVIII. Short Metre.

Univerſal praiſe.

Let ev'ry creature join
To praiſe th' eternal God;
Ye heav'nly hoſts! the ſong begin,
And ſound his name abroad.

2. Thou ſun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye ſtarry lights! ye twinkling flames!
Shine to your Maker's praiſe.

3. He built thoſe worlds above,
And fix'd their wondrous frame;
By his command they ſtand or move,
And ever ſpeak his name.

4. Ye vapours! when ye riſe
Or fall in ſhow'rs or ſnow,
Ye thunders murm'ring round the ſkies!
His pow'r and glory ſhow.

5. Wind, hail, and flaſhing fire,
Agree to praiſe the Lord
When ye in dreadful ſtorms conſpire
To execute his word.

6. By all his works above
His honours be expreſt,
But ſaints that taſte his ſaving love
Should ſing his praiſes beſt. 24

PAUSE THE FIRST.

7. Let earth and ocean know
They owe their Maker praiſe;
Praiſe him ye wat'ry worlds below!
And monſters of the ſeas. 28

8. From mountains near the ſky
Let his high praiſe reſound,
From humble ſhrubs and cedars high,
And vales and fields around. 32

9. Ye lions of the wood!
And tamer beaſts that graze,
Ye live upon his daily food,
And he expects your praiſe. 36

10. Ye birds of lofty wing!
On high his praiſes bear,
Or ſit on flow'ry boughs and ſing
Your Maker's glory there. 40

11. Ye creeping ants and worms!
His various wiſdom ſhow,
And flies in all your ſhining ſwarms
Praiſe him that dreſs'd you ſo. 44

12. By all the earth-born race
His honours be expreſt,
But ſaints that know his heav'nly grace
Should learn to praiſe him beſt. 48

PAUSE THE SECOND.

13. Monarchs of wide command
Praiſe ye th' eternal King;
Judges adore that ſov'reign hand
Whence all your honours ſpring.

14. Let vig'rous youth engage
To ſound his praiſes high,
While growing babes and with'ring age
Their feeble voices try.

15. United zeal be ſhown
His wondrous fame to raiſe;
God is the Lord; his name alone
Deſerves our endleſs praiſe.

16. Let nature join with art,
And all pronounce him bleſt;
But ſaints that dwell ſo near his heart
Should ſing his praiſes beſt.

PSALM CXLIX.

Praiſe God all his ſaints, or, *The ſaints judging the world.*

ALL ye that love the Lord rejoice,
And let your ſongs be new,
Amidſt the church with cheerful voice
His later wonders ſhew.

2. The Jews, the people of his grace,
Shall their Redeemer ſing,
And Gentile nations join the praiſe
While Sion owns her King.

3. The Lord takes pleaſure in the juſt
Whom ſinners treat with ſcorn,
The meek that lie deſpis'd in duſt
Salvation ſhall adorn.

4. Saints ſhould be joyful in their King
Ev'n on a dying bed,
And like the ſouls in glory ſing,
For God ſhall raiſe the dead.

5. Then his high praiſe ſhall fill their tongues,
Their hands ſhall wield the ſword,
And vengeance ſhall attend their ſongs,
The vengeance of the Lord.

6. When Chriſt the judgment-ſeat aſcends
And bids the world appear,
Thrones are prepar'd for all his friends
Who humbly lov'd him here.

7. Then ſhall they rule with iron rod
Nations that dar'd rebel,
And join the ſentence of their God
On tyrants doom'd to hell. 28

8. The royal ſinners bound in chains
New triumphs ſhall afford;
Such honour for the ſaints remains:
Praiſe ye and love the Lord †. 62

PSALM CL. ver. 1, 2, 6.

A ſong of praiſe.

In God's own houſe pronounce his praiſe,
His grace he there reveals,
To heav'n your joy and wonder raiſe,
For there his glory dwells. 4

† This Pſalm ſeems to be written to encourage the Jews in their wars againſt the Heathen princes of Canaan, who were divinely ſentenced to deſtruction; but the four laſt verſes of it have been too much abuſed in later ages to promote ſedition and diſturbance in the ſtate, ſo that I choſe to refer this honour that is here given to all the ſaints to the day of judgment, according to thoſe expreſſions in The New Teſtament, *Matt.* xix. 28. *Ye ſhall ſit on twelve thrones judging the tribes, &c.*; 1 Cor. vi. 3. *We ſhall judge angels;* Rev. ii. 27. and iii. 21. *I will give him power over the nations; he ſhall rule them with a rod of iron, &c.*

2. Let all your ſacred paſſions move
While you rehearſe his deeds,
But the great work of ſaving love
Your higheſt praiſe exceeds. 6

3. All that have motion, life, and breath,
Proclaim your Maker bleſt,
Yet when my voice expires in death
My ſoul ſhall praiſe him beſt †. 11

† The greateſt part of this Pſalm ſuits not my chief deſign, I have therefore imitated only the two firſt verſes and the laſt in a ſhort doxology or ſong of praiſe;—yet ſince The Chriſtian Doxology is more uſed in Chriſtian aſſemblies I have added that alſo.

THE CHRISTIAN DOXOLOGY.

Long Metre.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praiſe, and glory, giv'n
By all on earth and all in heav'n. 4

Common Metre.

Let God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or ſaints that love the Lord. 4

Common Metre.

Where the tune includes two ſtanzas.

I.

The God of mercy be ador'd
Who calls our ſouls from death,
Who ſaves by his redeeming word
And new-creating breath. 4

II.

To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join. 8

Short Metre.

Ye angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too. 4

As the 113th Psalm.

Now to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory giv'n
Thro' all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heav'n. 6

As the 148th Psalm.

To God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise,
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise: 4

With all our pow'rs
Eternal King
Thy name we sing
While faith adores.

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END OF VOLUME SECOND.